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RECOMMENDATIONS.

The *Utica Morning Herald* speaks of Mrs. Nemo as "an accomplished lady of mental superiority, well known in that city, and her appeals as intellectual repasts, presented in an entertaining manner, and in choice language; moderate in pretensions, and laudable in purpose, confining their aims to the moral and intellectual elevation of woman, and her enterprise as one to which every sane man must bid a God-speed."

The following comments are from the pen of a distinguished authoress: * * * "There are truisms in it, in favor of and adverse to matrimony; a little, perhaps not unmerited, sarcasm upon the objects actually kept before the eyes of young ladies in their home education; and some well deserved cuts upon the fop and dandy of the present day. There are many clever, witty and amusing things in the essay, and a pure tone of religious feeling running through it." * * * H. B. S.

J. Hyatt Smith of Philadelphia, says of Mrs. N.: "I have a high estimate of her ability as a thinker and writer."

Dr. Dio Lewis of Boston, says of one of these lectures: "I have heard many lectures on this subject, both from gentlemen and ladies, not one of which I have liked as well."

The Maiden Lady's Friend.

I took up accidentally this little essay written by Mrs. Nemo (as she is pleased to call herself, though she deserves a better NOM DE PLUME) and was so unexpectedly interested and amused as to read on through the greater part of it. It is written with great good nature, and with a quiet and pleasant though almost unconscious humor, quite captivating. No one I am sure

can read it without feeling an increased tenderness and respect towards that most excellent variety of womankind whose cause it pleads. If it were a penance instead of a pleasure to read it, I would enjoin the purchase and reading of this Appeal, upon every gentleman who is conscious of ever having indulged in a bit even of the gentlest satire on old maids.

Auburn, March 15, 1861.

S. M. HOPKINS,

Professor Auburn

Theol. Seminary.

I cordially agree with Professor Hopkins in the above view.

E. A. HUNTINGTON,

Professor Auburn

Theol. Seminary.

A Series of Appeals :

OR

LECTURES

ADDRESSED

**NOT BEHIND A CURTAIN TO
ONE UNFORTUNATE MAN,**

BUT

TO ALL MEN AND THEIR FAMILIES.

BY MRS. NEMO.

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MAN'S RELATION TO IT.**

ALBANY :

J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.

1863.

TO
THINKING WOMEN AND CANDID MEN,
THESE APPEALS ARE DEDICATED,
HOPING THEY MAY
ELICIT AN APPROBATIVE SMILE.
A SUFFICIENT REWARD, TRUEBY.
MRS. NEMO.

A
WOMAN'S APOLOGY
FOR
APPEARING IN PUBLIC;
OR
AN APPEAL
IN BEHALF OF
SELF DEPENDENT WOMEN.
BY MRS. NEMO.

The Scriptures seem to exclude woman only from the magistracy and the ministry.—*Samuel Hanson Cox.*

"She hath done what she could."—*Jesus.*

ALBANY, N. Y. :
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.
1863.

PREFACE.

An eminent English chemist once observed, that the only apology he had to offer for writing a book on his favorite science, was his great desire to inform himself. If we mistake not a similar motive has induced us to devote a small amount of investigation to the subject discussed in this and the following brief essays. Perhaps ampler opportunities for research might not only modify but entirely change our views as therein expressed; our design being not to establish a theory but to ascertain as nearly as our facilities will allow what is truth with reference to this subject. We trust, we can say with becoming modesty to those of our teachers who differ from each other with regard to "woman's sphere," that we do not presume to decide where "doctors disagree," and trust that if wrong we cherish a willingness to stand corrected. Far be from us to presume to teach, much less, usurp authority over any man. We are content to be "only a woman." Heaven help us to become what every woman should be. "Search the Scriptures" saith Jesus. We suppose the exhortation was intended for both sexes, and that he who gave woman mind rendered it incumbent on her that she should digest her own thoughts, however much she might profit by man's teaching.

If more of the women of this age imitated those ancient and honorable Greek women of Berea, who “searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so;” that class now designated as “strong minded” might not be augmented, but sure we are that the number of the weak minded would be diminished. A hope that the reading of this article and the one designed as its sequel—the publication of which, though prepared as an address, has been encouraged by good men—may be the means of inducing a few of our sex to investigate for themselves their true province, and thus discriminate between those restrictions imposed by custom and those instituted by divine authority, is our apology for making it public.

MRS. NEMO.

A WOMAN'S APOLOGY

FOR APPEARING IN PUBLIC.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

Should there be any present who deem it improper in a woman to assume the position which we now occupy, such will doubtless regard an apology for so doing, as our most befitting introduction. Yet they will readily perceive that our design in this article is to adduce, if we can, a series of arguments which may convince them that no apology is necessary. Amid the multifarious topics which have occupied and agitated the public mind for a few years past, perhaps none have been more freely discussed, or excited more general interest, than the question — What is the proper sphere of Woman? In other words — Where are the fields which she is adapted to cultivate? Which is the path where her conscience, enlightened by that only lamp let down from heaven — the Bible — may hear the “still small voice” saying, “This is the way, walk ye in it.” And notwithstanding all that has been said, and all that has been written, on

this subject, by the strong minded and the weak minded of both sexes, many are still involved in a mist with regard to it. But we propose in this article to discuss, more especially, the mooted question — Is it right for a woman to lecture in public? her right to private lectures never having been questioned. And we would premise, by conceding to this enlightened audience, a consciousness of our inability to present the subject in such a position, that the clear light of conviction may shine upon it undimmed by a remnant of doubt.

No, we are not aware, that he to whom every man and every woman is accountable for every act, has ever given special command or permission, with reference to any of the various modes of procuring a subsistence, or for benefiting the race, resorted to by the numerous family of Adam. Yet we may hope, by consulting reason and revelation, those only guides given us by our Creator, to obtain light enough to dispel some of that prejudice entertained by a portion of community against female lecturers. Truly a woman who resorts to so unpopular a method, especially unpopular in the case of her whose fame has not preceded her, either for aiding herself or for elevating others, should be prepared to assign a reason for such temerity.

But as we have already conceded, we know of no instruction with reference to individual vocation. Therefore no indubitable evidence that a woman is performing her duty while attempting to entertain or instruct an assembly of her fellow passengers on the highway of life, can be given. No, there is no more proof that she is

right in this capacity, than when engaged in making a bonnet, rocking the cradle, or sewing on buttons, for the convenience of the stronger vessels, or that man is right while buying and selling goods, making shoes, or pleading at the bar, perhaps, in the behalf of vice and crime. But referring to the first named of our counselors, reason, it ever teaches us to consult adaptation, a principle written in legible characters on all the products of infinite power, which encompass us on every hand. Wings were not given to the huge denizens of the deep, nor grazing faculties to those designed to range the fields of ether. The mane of the lion, or the trunk of the elephant, would unfit them for a residence in either sphere, but are admirably adapted to their native abodes and modes of living. The principle of adaptation likewise teaches us that men and women were designed for different fields of action in the main, as their different degrees of physical prowess clearly indicate. Waiving a discussion of the relative intellectual power of the sexes, as we are not anxious to establish the theory of their equality—taking sides neither with Plato, who taught men that if they did not improve the present life to the best advantage, they would be transformed into women in the next—a reformatory punishment truly—or Socrates, who regarded women as inferior to men only in physical ability, and perhaps steadiness of judgment. No one can deny that intellectual gifts are shared so nearly alike by the sexes, that they may share in intellectual labors, and in the results of those labors. No, the disparity between the

sexes is not in the structure of their minds, but in bone muscle.

There are those still living, who remember the time when there was as much opposition to that woman who gave her sentiments to the public through the press, as there now is to her who makes a vocal communication of the same. Quite in harmony with this fact, is the following statement: "In Massachusetts when free schools were first established," says Horace Mann, "the girls were smuggled in for an hour or two each day; all attainments by them beyond mere reading and writing, were deemed a kind of contraband article. In what is now one of their principal cities, when some Columbus of a school-master proposed to carry a class of girls through fractions, the fathers of the town gravely denied that female minds were capable of comprehending them. But now so great is the number of female scholars and writers, that distinction in the fields of science and literature has almost ceased to be a distinction. Even in the library of Constantinople may be seen the productions of 149 female authors. Yes, woman has long since established her claim to the ability to move the mental and moral world by the productions of her pen. And if the celebrated Horace — we mean the modern Horace — is correct in averring, that it is right for a woman not only to do right, but to do whatever she can do right, then has she proved her claim to the privilege of presenting her convictions orally when she chooses so to do. Hear and then judge, is the exhortation of the great Teacher. But prejudice leads many to condemn, ere they

pause to inquire — What is the character of her teachings? What is her deportment? What are her purposes? What were the circumstances which induced her to engage in the enterprise? It is sufficient for them to know that her course has not been sanctioned by custom. And we are sorry to entertain the conviction that the severest or at least, most lacerating remarks uttered respecting a woman, whose chief crime against society, consists in the fact that she has read or recited in the hearing of those who were willing to listen to a few thoughts of her own concocting, has proceeded from the lips of woman. No matter though her subject be one of unquestioned legitimacy and propriety, she is regarded by some with suspicion, possibly with contempt, simply because she is both writer and reader of the production, neither of which alone would render her obnoxious to those same individuals. Mrs. Grundy, or perhaps one of her numerous offspring, reminds us that women should be “keepers at home,” that they should live to the “glory of God.” Mrs. Grundy is surrounded by her family, for whose comfort she is making currant jelly. But she seems to forget the fact, that there are women who are destitute of homes and families, and that it is possible that Mrs. Nemo may contribute as much to the glory of God by lecturing, as her censurer does by making currant jelly. Said lady is bitterly opposed to a woman who speaks in public, although her neighbors aver that at their social gatherings, none talk louder, or faster, or in more dictatorial manner than she — her voice being adapted to public speaking — and it seems that her

husband has hinted that her curtain lectures are more frequent than agreeable. But we are happy to know that there are women who pause and think, who read and realize that it is not the universal rule of life to live just as they do. Such will bear with us, while we attempt to answer in public, some of the questions put to us in private, suggested as they were in part by those who regarded us as out of our sphere. If we understand our own impulses, our main motive is the hope that by this method we may confer a benefit on some individual mind, while we attempt to induce our sex to contemplate their powers, and their privileges, the vast fields of usefulness that lie open before them, and the consequent responsibilities of life. We are conscious that the sources of information open to our women are multitudinous. Yet as oral discussion sometimes interests a class of minds less strongly attracted by books, we may hope to enlist the sympathies of some who would otherwise remain indifferent. Moreover we are willing to meet the odium incurred by stepping outside the narrow, very narrow pathway, so long beaten by feminine footsteps, or in other words, while trespassing against the laws of that tyrant, custom, universal ruler of this world's manners though he be, we believe his laws are not of divine origin, and a more frequent transgression of some of them, we conceive might prove advantageous to the human family.

With the exception of now and then an individual, who was doubtless regarded as a wandering star, having deviated wide of her proper orbit, the women of past

generations quietly reposed—was it not an inglorious repose—in ignorance of their prerogatives, and capacities, consequently of their duties. Yes, the women of olden time doubtless suffered much from lack of knowledge, a consequence of the assumption of the opposite sex. But it remained for a few women of the nineteenth century, to awake to the injustice with which they were treated by the rulers of this world, and to disavow their allegiance to those whom they deemed usurpers. That the female portion of humanity had been oppressed by their law-givers, is now frankly conceded by the generous and the just of those law-givers.

But perhaps previous to making these concessions, or repairing the injury of which they acknowledged the commission, a spirit of ungallantry sometimes manifested by them, provoked those champions of the rights of women, to become demonstrative, and to the utterance of improper sentiments. It is indeed, much to be regretted, that instead of arming themselves with a meek and quiet spirit, that panoply in which woman's chief power consists, they resorted to denunciation—a practice not particularly becoming to any erring mortal—yet one which is tolerated from man—but when denunciation proceeds from the lips of woman, it is reflected back on her own head. But that those women are condemned wholesale, and held up the ridicule and odium of the various classes of society, is no proof that they are wrong. Nor is ridicule a necessary or the most appropriate weapon, to be applied in the defence of truth, or in a combat upon error, but a resort to it is generally significant of a paucity

of legitimate material for argument. That a woman or a company of women, should ever have forsaken that "lamp to their feet and light to their path," given by their Maker, to follow a light of their own kindling, is indeed to be deplored. That they should have attacked that pillar and ground of the truth, the church, and accused the ministry, as the cause of woman's wrongs, was, to say the least, a great mistake. No, neither the church nor the ministry nor the source of both, the Bible, are responsible for the wrongs of woman. Although the two former may, and doubtless have, in some instances, misinterpreted the latter with regard to her position, we are safe in affirming that the Bible is the sole magna charta to her rights. And heaven forbid that we should live to see that day when the church or the ministry are diminished in numbers or in influence; for corrupt as they may, in some instances be, yet we may unhesitatingly ask, what would the world be without them? That the daughters of this highly favored land, highly favored because that great light given to rule the moral world, irradiates its beams of light, life and love, o'er mountain and valley, o'er hill, dale and plain, o'er its expansive lakes and the broad streams thereof, illuminating alike the inmates of palaces and cottages, should dare question the propriety of its teachings, is amazing. To convince us that the Bible is the charter of woman's rights, we have the assurance, that among the two thousand and five hundred names of women distinguished in history, only two hundred of them were from heathen nations, although those nations constitute nearly three-fourths of

the inhabitants of the globe. But the condition of the women who occupy those countries, where human reason or rather human selfishness, not divine revelation, is the standard of right, is an overwhelming proof of the indebtedness of our sex to the Bible. That a woman should ever cherish the slightest disposition to depreciate that book or diminish its influence, is indeed sad proof of her depravity. Truly, an undevout woman, like "an undevout astronomer, is mad." Heaven save the women of America, from an act so suicidal to their own interests as a rejection of divine revelation. But may gratitude to him who has given us this "godly heritage," be written on every heart.

Perhaps like most agitations of a public nature, the discussion of that topic, which formed the usual theme of those females, to whom we have alluded, has evolved both good and evil. Without impugning the motives of those who were engaged in this projected reform, much less denouncing them, which would be decidedly unwomanly in us, we venture the remark that if

"Aspiring to be Gods angels fell
And aspiring to be angels, men rebel,"

aspiring to be men, not a very high aspiration, but one which some women seem to cherish, they too rebel, against the government not merely of fallible mortals, but that of an allwise Disposer. A legitimate fruit of this rebellion, is the fact that the dust raised by its agitation has darkened that cloud of prejudice to which we

have alluded, as there now seems to be an apprehension that a woman will ask a hearing, for no other purpose but to deliver a tirade against men or their movements, though she may never have revolted against the powers that be, or endeavored to incite others to revolt, but cheerfully leaves the responsibility of conducting the affairs of state in the hands of men. A woman lecturing! why, the idea excites not only the sneers of the foolish, but frowns of the wise. A woman making herself so public, how ridiculous! is uttered by men and women. While it is possible that to a candid mind, they might seem the ridiculous party, censuring that of which they are not qualified to judge. For one who has any sensibility, and what woman is devoid of it? to expose herself to the criticism of those numerous self-constituted judges, is evidently not very consonant to her vanity, or soothing to her organ of approbateness an organ which is supposed to be very prominent in the feminine head. Yet we think it not difficult to imagine a series of circumstances, which may induce her to look these bugbears in the face, while she is favored with the god-speed of some of the good and the great, is internally satisfied of the integrity of her purpose, and conscious that she is not going counter to the commands of Him, whose laws are infallible. We need but take a retrospective look over the years recognized by the memory of some of us, to convince us, that the age in which we live, is an age of progress, not always in the right direction as we may infer, yet truth which is destined ultimately to prevail, has doubtless gained ground.

A striking indication of this progress, consists in that fact at which we glanced at the outset, viz : the superior culture of the female mind.

Within the last fifty years more books have been written by women, and about women, than during the five thousand and eight hundred that have rolled by since the history of our race commenced. The larger portion of them within the last twenty years. Yes, from the time of Christine de Pisano, the first woman who resorted to her pen for a support, to the late Mrs. Gore, who is said to have produced over two hundred volumes, the sentiments of the world have been revolutionized, and woman's position in the social scale immensely elevated. Would that her moral elevation had been commensurate.

Truly the following poetical plaint is not applicable at the present time :

“Although warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer, men record ;
But the long sacrifice of women's days,
Passes without one thought, one word.”

No. Women are certainly coming into notice. Their brilliant achievements are being searched out and recorded. They are beginning to think and act for themselves, consequently new avenues are opening to them, and leading to positions which they may occupy unmolested by the reproaches of common sense, or the teachings of the Bible. And we are willing to admit that the agitation to which we have referred, has contributed greatly to improve in some particulars their condition.

Doubtless those who consult the divine directory most frequently, entertain the most correct, if not the most enlarged views of that field upon which woman is privileged to labor. While the grand doctrine of living to some good purpose is taught on every page, we do not perceive that the restrictions imposed on her prohibit her from lecturing in public, as we shall attempt to prove, and thus following the example of many illustrious predecessors of her sex.

During the palmyest days of Greece and Rome, female lecturers were not objects of ridicule. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, found time not only to polish her jewels, as she termed her children, but to lecture for the benefit of her people. The wise men of Greece were not too proud to receive instruction from women. Even Socrates listened to the lectures of Dioma, though delivered in public.

Many learned Spanish ladies lectured during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Some of the most brilliant women of France were public lecturers. That modest woman, Mary Queen of Scots, delivered a Latin oration before the court. Is it safe to follow their example? not if they are pursuing a course obnoxious to the divine precepts. No, to an enlightened and conscientious woman, the fact that she is preceded by the most distinguished of her sex, in a direction opposed to the mandates of her Maker, would afford her no encouragement to persevere in that direction. And we are aware that many regard her, who attempts a similar mode of converting her time and talents to some account, as trespassing against that only reliable code of

life, the sacred scriptures. Let us to the law and the testimony then, if we speak not according to these, our communication is not to be heeded.

The women of the old testament are represented as engaged in various avocations. We will refer in this article, only to those whose example beckons us on, or at least encourages us in our present trying pathway. In our next we will attempt a less partial notice of the unhacknied words and deeds of those ladies of pristine purity. Miriam, the prophetess, is introduced to us as the leader of a band of singers, publicly celebrating the praises of the deliverer of Israel. Nor do we learn that she was blamed for such publicity. Dr. Baldwin says of Miriam in his *Representative Women*: She was the representative of ancient prophetesses, and of modern women who never marry. We think she has the additional honor of being a representative of those women who sometimes appears in public, not for the purpose of showing themselves, or their personal adornments, but with the view of innocently entertaining and possibly improving said public.

As for the highly honored Deborah, Providence placed her in a very public position, a judgess in Israel, and a leader of her armies to conquest. While Lapidoth her husband, doubtless an insignificant fellow, is barely named. On one occasion the women are described in this ancient record, as meeting and marching, and publicly extolling in song, the victory of Saul, and especially those of the brave son of Jesse. Those women who mourned at funerals, whose profession it was to lament for the dead,

must have been publicly seen and heard, yet were not condemned on that account.

But to convince us that the lights to which we have been looking are not safe guides, and lure to forbidden paths, we are reminded of the declarations of St. Paul, viz: that women are not permitted to "speak in the church," that it is "a shame for them" to do so, etc.

Apropos to this, is another declaration of equal import; and from the same source, but by no means as frequently cited. It is this: "Doth not even of nature itself teach you, that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him." But despite the teachings of nature, St. Paul, *or even Mrs. Nemo, nolens volens* what do the men care? We might as well attempt to dissuade them from the use of tobacco, as to hope to convince them that they would look more like men, and less like quadrumana without it. But to revert to the prohibitions upon woman's vocal organs as above quoted, we think them modified by other passages from the same inspired teacher, in which he says: "I do not suffer a woman to teach, or usurp authority over the man." It is clear, so we think, that the apostle intended only to restrain the irregularities of the Corinthian church, among which were the improprieties manifested by those undisciplined women, recent converts from heathenism, in dictating to the other sex concerning the affairs of the church. Mrs. Hutchinson, in the early history of our country, was an example of the class. So dogmatical was she that she obtained the appellation of Dictator of Boston. Of all who walk in the foot-steps of Mrs. H., we may unhesitatingly affirm

“they are out of their sphere,” as they are occupying forbidden ground. It is evident that during the new testament history, men only were pastors of churches, and that the executive affairs of those churches were solely theirs, the practice of our good friends, the Quakers, to the contrary notwithstanding. Some of those who are anxious to throw open every avenue to woman, civil, military and ecclesiastical, tell us that Paul was mistaken, that he was an old bachelor, consequently crabbed, that the times have changed, etc. It is true that Paul belonged to a nation which did not permit their adult females to speak, read or ask questions in their assemblies, though a servant or child had this permission. The Rabbi taught them that women need know nothing but the use of the distaff. What liberal men and what useful women! Doubtless the feelings and expressions of the great man in question, were modified by his education, but those who believe that his teachings for the most part were indited by one who could not be mistaken, and adapted to all times, would not willingly venture where they believe he has forbidden them. But how a careful and candid reader of the new testament can regard the women of those days as but silent spectators in all scenes of public worship, we do not understand. Previous to the advent of the Messiah, the prophet evidently alluded to a social meeting, when he said: “They that feared the Lord spoke often one to another, etc.” We have no evidence that the persons included were all males. Of that prayer meeting held at the upper room at Jerusalem, we are explicitly informed that the women were present,

and that they were participants of the pentecostal visitation ; that they exercised the gifts there imparted to them in a manner similar to which the other sex exercised them ; and that Philip the evangelist, had four daughters, who prophesied or gave religious instructions to others ; while it is plainly intimated that it was customary in the Corinthian church for women to pray and prophesy, as direction is given with regard to their attire on those occasions, but the practice not prohibited. No, we can not believe that he who permitted Anna to speak of him in the temple, would censure any devout woman for speaking of him in any other edifice on a befitting occasion. In his epistle to the church at Rome, Paul names a catalogue of worthies who labored with him in the gospel, some of whom were females. And we presume that the eloquent Apollos listened to the teachings of Priscilla, with the same becoming humility with which he received those of her husband, nor do we know how many were present on the occasion. But however, the question — What is the position assigned to woman in the new testament ? is disposed of, admitting the exposition given by the most conservative.

We do not perceive that the prohibition includes any secular enterprise which inclination or circumstances may dispose a woman to prosecute. And although lecturing in public may not be the most expedient resort for her, because not popular, it is evidently lawful. Nor do the most fastidious at the present day doubt the propriety of a speech from Victoria, pronounced in parliament. Are we told that she is queen, and that it is necessary for her

as such? But is she not a woman, and although not amenable to any human bar, her husband being her subject, is she not responsible to the King of Heaven? Or are not those who live in a country where every woman ought to do that which is right in her own eyes, we mean those not restricted by husbands, at liberty to follow her royal example in this particular, would it not be much more commendable than the practice of donning or doffing any garment however inconvenient or ridiculous the consequences, in imitation of any queen?

If publicity be the objection, why is not this objection urged against dramatic readers, and those who entertain the public with their gift of song? Who refuses to patronize them, especially those whose names have become renowned. With due deference to the opinions of all, we would enquire, if it is improper for a lady to read or recite her own productions in the hearing of an assembly, why is it not equally improper for her to recite or sing the production of others in similar circumstances? If improper why encourage them? Is the pleasure imparted by those daughters of genius, so great that an aberration from the path of propriety, is excusable on such occasions, or has heaven in conferring on them superior talents exempted them from the same law of life to which others of the sex are amenable? It has long been customary for ladies to occupy the most conspicuous seats in our temples of worship; those who form the choir, are expected to occupy stand-points, where they are the observed of all observers. Who thinks them immodest on that account? And permit us to refer to the practice now becoming so

general in our seminaries of learning, viz : that of requiring young ladies to read their productions in the hearing of assemblies. Are they to pass through this, to many, dreadful ordeal, merely for exhibition days, while not permitted to repeat similar exercises on other occasions? Or at least, may not that woman, who has arrived at an age when, according to the fiat of public opinion, she has in one sense, a very important sense too, little to hope or fear from man, offer an appeal in behalf of herself or others. But strange though it seems, some of those who patronize the theatres, who applaud a woman when she comes upon the stage, that she may dazzle and blind herself and others, complain of her publicity, who attempts in a more quiet and national way to "raise the genius, and mend the heart" of her sex. O, consistency, thou art a "rare jewel!" Moreover, permit us to remark, with reference to this appearing in public, that our female friends appear in public every day. Nor is it thought inconsistent with modesty, that they should be seen in the most thronged thoroughfares, repeatedly on the same day, possibly for exhibition. Or that they should accost and entertain with their social chat, masculines of various grades of character, some of whom would be unhesitatingly proscribed, did they belong to the same gender with these charmers. Or is it more befitting that retirement which our censors tell us a woman should ever maintain, that she should leave her home, perhaps her children, at a late hour of the night, for the purpose mingling in scenes of festivity? Yes, here she may appear, no matter how large the assembly of both sexes, with arms and neck uncov-

ered, and yield herself to the embrace of the waltz with her neighbor's husband—who animadverts, perhaps, some morose old foggy or conceited female lecturer. Or is that woman less out of her sphere, who driving like Venus, when competing with the god of war, in the speed of their chariots, displays to the gaping crowd her skill in horsemanship?

But the fact that we have sometimes traveled alone, is regarded by some as an objection to our enterprize. Whether being accompanied by a gallant protector, would render us any more acceptable, in the estimation of these prudent people, is perhaps somewhat dubious. However that may be, it is obvious that a woman may travel alone to any extent she chooses, when for her own gratification, and with a liberal supply of that which “answereth all things” in her pocket, she will not fail to receive due attention. “It’s all proper, perfectly so. Hasn’t a woman a right to see the world? Of course she has,” is admitted on all sides, and so lenient is society in this enlightened age, that if a woman conducts herself with propriety, she may go from town to town unaccompanied, for the purpose of teaching any of the arts, useful or ornamental, without any serious animadversions, from those distinguished gentlemen, Smith and Brown. But if she ask an audience to listen to a communication of hers, though on a subject of interest to community, and that she may enlist them on the side of truth, she incurs the unpopular reputation of “traveling alone, going round lecturing.” Then do the aforesaid gentlemen demur, probably frown, and wonder what the world is

coming to. Their wives sympathize with their husband's sentiments, and declare they had rather "their daughters should do any thing else than to go round lecturing." One of those daughters is endeavoring to beguile the tedious hours in a languid attempt to solace her auditory nerves by the tones of a piano. The second is reclining on a sofa, in the act of wiping the pellucid drop just invoked from its crystal fount by the portrayed distresses of a phantom. The third is engaged in a flirtation with a fast young man. Poor girls, more to be pitied than many a penniless orphan, who can look alone to God. How many such characters would it take to make the world better. Alas! that they should be so numerous. But we leave these lamentable beings, while we reëngage in our defence of solitary feminine itinerants, by remarking that the distinguished Phebe, to whom we have elsewhere alluded, seems to have been unattended, while journeying from Cenchrea to Rome. However that may have been, we are convinced that a habit of self-reliance is not too much cultivated by the women of our age and nation.

Mrs. Fry of England, and Miss Dix of our own country, when embarking on their noble mission, have not hesitated to attend to their baggage, or take their seats on board steamers, rail cars, or stage coach, without the aid of gallant.

But the most daring example of independence in this respect which history furnishes us, was exemplified by Madame Pfeiffer. Doubtless the citizens of Vienna were not a little excited, when Miss or Mrs., probably both, assisted by Mr. Rumour with their hundred tongues,

declared this lady's intention of "setting out to see the world." That the popular opinion was against her, there can be no question. We think it more than probable, that there was not heard a dissenting voice to the assertions, "What an absurdity! How preposterous! She must be beside herself." But heedless alike of the objections of wise and reverend heads, or the ridicule of the silly-pated, she formed her own plans, and executed them. Did she not persevere and did she not succeed to admiration? When she returned to her native city, frowns were exchanged for smiles, sneers for the most officious attention, and ridicule for expressions of respect and admiration. When she could say,

"From Tartary's desert plains, to Gallic lands,
From Norway's rocky coast, to Nubia's burning sands,
I've wandered.
O'er Britain's druid stones,
Scythia's mounds, on eastern plains,
Odin's temple in the north,
O'er Memnon's cave, and bones,
I've pondered.
The Gaul, Goth, and Saxon, Scandinavia and Hunn,
Greek, Turkoman, Arab and Ethiopia, swarthy sons,
I've confronted."

her superiority was conceded.

Yes, her success rendered Madame Pfeiffer an illustrious woman. Had she failed, where would public opinion have placed her? It is easy to conjecture. "Success sanctifies what failure reprehends," regardless of the effort bestowed on the object. We see illustrations of this remark every day. The measure of success is not only

the measure of popularity, but we might add in too many instances, that of christian charity. We are happy to refer our cause to One who judges by a different standard.

The imperial edict regulating the costume and manners of the ladies of Turkey, remarks : Their first obligation consists in wearing a veil, to be made of thick cloth, and to envelop the whole person. They must always keep on one side of the street, never enter into shops, or mingle with men at all. Possibly there may be those in this country who would like to see women subjected to similar restrictions. But what would young "Miss America" say to such a proposition ? Why, that she must first be deprived of a knowledge of the alphabet. It is in vain to educate woman's powers of thought, and then limit their operation. Education and liberty walk hand in hand. Those females who are now being tutored in our colleges, and those who will in future receive the same degree of mental culture, of which the other sex have long been recipients, will realize their individuality, and the world is destined to realize it too. May they be endowed with the discretion needful, to keep them within their legitimate sphere, we mean legitimate in the sight of heaven.

That we have succeeded in convincing a single individual, who needed such conviction, that a woman who pronounces an article of her own production in the audience of those who may congregate to hear her, is not necessarily unwomanly, we know not. But in this hasty and perhaps partial investigation, we have met with nothing which condemns her. We therefore say, "neither do I condemn thee." In our next we will briefly contem-

plate woman, as occupying a wider range, and traversing paths more numerous, yet without overstepping—if we rightly interpret the two oracles consulted at the outset—the precincts of femininity, or in other words, without a diminution of any quality, essential to a true woman.

Yes, we believe that a woman may lecture in public, and yet retain her sense and sensibility, and though for a time precluded from being the “presiding genius of the hearth-stone,” she need not lose her domestic affections, but the language of Byron be as applicable to her as to those who “dwell under their own vine and fig-tree.”

“When fortune changed, and hope fled far,
And hatred’s shafts flew thick and fast,
Woman was the solitary star,
That rose and set not to the last.
The lovely sex to whom ’tis given,
To rule our hearts with angel sway,
Blend with each woe a blissful leaven,
Change earth into an embryo heaven,
And sweetly smile our cares away.”

Unwomanly Women and Unmanly Men :

OR

A SEQUEL

TO

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF SELF
DEPENDENT WOMEN.

BY MRS. NEMO.

A woman impudent and manish grown,
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man,
In time of action.—*Shaks.*



ALBANY, N. Y.:
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.
1863.

UNWOMANLY WOMEN

AND

UNMANLY MEN.

In another paper we attempted to present a few arguments, tending to dissipate that unfavorable impression, entertained in reference to a woman who asks the public ear, or at least to dissuade from the indulgence of prejudice, while her sentiments are dictated by whatsoever is pure, lovely, and of good report. That our effort was successful, only in removing those conscientious scruples which have lain in our pathway, we do not affirm. We propose in this dissertation, to pursue a little farther the interesting theme, woman, "much praised, much blamed woman" and her sphere. Meanwhile we give a few gentle hints, to that portion of the human family, who seem to regard their sphere as uncircumscribed. Would that it were in our power, to throw wide open the gateways to those avenues most appropriate to females, but from which they have long been debarred, by that invisible, impalpable, but most potent of agents, public example. Or in other words, that we possessed those

powers of persuasion, requisite to induce the gentlemen, to curtail in some small degree, the limits of their occupancy. Alas! what can we, at this late day, hope to effect, by way of impressing the latter with a sense of their duty? Yet we remember, that the mountain is dependent alike, on each grain of earth of which it is composed, for its existence, so public sentiment is made up of the mental convictions of each morsel of humanity, though but a morsel. We therefore throw in our grain of influence, toward correcting said public sentiment.

Cain and Abel probably consulted their individual proclivities, when one became a tiller of the field, the other a tender of the fold. He who conferred on Jubal the taste and the ability requisite to the successful handling of the harp and the organ, permitted him to become the father of such as deal in those instruments. Tubal Cain, doubtless followed his inclinations, when he became a leader in the manufacture of brass and iron.

That it is in the highest degree reasonable, that the tendencies of boys should be consulted with reference to their future professions, none will deny. Why should not girls be permitted to regard their preferences, with reference to what they shall do, or shall not do? Of course, both are to heed parental advice, and the restrictions of providence.

We are told by grave and wise teachers, guardians and parents, that young ladies should be educated with a view to fill with fidelity and grace, the important and honorable positions of wife and mother. If all females became wives, nothing would be more reasonable than to

prepare them for their inevitable destiny. But whether it be

“Airy chance, or iron fate,
That hurry and vex this mortal state,
And all the race of ills create ;”

or whether as the Scripture affirm, “ the lot is cast into the lap but the disposing thereof is of the Lord ;” account for it as we may, the fact exists, viz., that unmarried women are to be found in almost every community ; the Japanese are the only important exception, that we know of. Heaven bless those women and pity that community who are destitute of them. Yes, many grow and bud and blossom, who alas, are doomed if not to “ blush unseen,” to waste their sweetness on the desert air. A sad truth to be sure, yet we happen to know, that many who marry, waste their sweetness on something worse than the desert air. But admitting they marry, by what ever means occasioned, whether by desertion, disease or death, the results to the wife are the same, viz., that of being reduced to the necessity of resorting to some means of procuring a subsistence. It is obvious, that the name of those women even in this country, who are thrown upon their own resources is legion. That the field of operation open to them is much too contracted, will not be denied, by the intelligent and the candid of either sex ; that there are avocations peculiarly adapted to their physical and mental structure, to which they have been permitted to resort but seldom, will be as readily conceded ; yet some of those who make these concessions, are among the first to express doubts, respecting those who are found outside the beaten track,

though pressed out by the crowd. Yes, the inexorable logic of events, has taught some women to do, not what they would, but what they could.

That women have figured as victorious warriors, does not prove that they are as well adapted to the work of slaughtering their brother man as are men, that they have successfully guided vessels over the threatening billows of the main, that they have conducted political intrigues to a desired ultimatum, that they have built cities and ordained laws for them; or that they have projected and executed schemes of the noblest nature, resulting in the welfare of thousands, is not conclusive evidence that they are equally as well adapted as are men for similar enterprises, as the most laborious part of those enterprises have devolved on the latter. But these facts do furnish abundant proof of woman's capacities for varied and extensive usefulness. That women till the land in Germany, that they are yoked before the plough in some provinces of France, that they bear burdens and perform drudgeries, while their devoted husbands—devoted to leisure—are taking it easy, is a proof, not of woman's inferiority, but of man's disposition to idleness and arrogance. "I have seen," says a distinguished traveler, "the abominable boor smoking his everlasting pipe, while seated at his ease beside the dunghill which his wife was removing." Probably the mind of the interesting animal alluded to, had never been agitated on the subject of "woman's rights." That women are kept in those countries still enveloped in darkness, as birds and rabbits are kept among us, confined in cages, and fed with crumbs which their humane mas-

ters choose to leave them, does not aid us at all in the solution of the question, "what is the proper sphere of woman?" But it does bear undoubted testimony to man's propensity to make might, and not right, his standard of action, when not restrained by the fear of his final judge. Even in this country, where the teachings of the Bible has so modified the customs of society, nothing is more perceptible, than that man has consulted his own interest, at the sacrifice of that of his sister's, and it is obviously but just for those who have given occasion for such a movement as that to which we have adverted, in another article, that they have considered their ways and amended them.

Why not demolish the barriers of prejudices and throw wide open the field, upon which women may exercise those faculties which their Maker gave them, to the best advantage, be those faculties greater or less? It is unnecessary to adduce arguments to prove, that they may be prepared to fill the positions of agents and accountants, in many departments, which they have not yet occupied, as well as of clerks, copyists, designers, engravers and editors, in which department some females are favorably known. Also merchants, jewelers, horticulturists and manufacturers of the lighter articles, reporters and type setters, and physicians, too, the latter a calling for which woman is peculiarly adapted, and when resorted to, for the benefit of her sex, should be regarded as peculiarly hers. We are happy to know that some women are succeeding to admiration in the medical profession, and we hope the tongue of time will yet reveal the fact, that the attend-

ance of a gentleman on a lady in the capacity of physician is an exception to a general rule. We are glad that already has the march of intelligence, of liberal feeling and correct sentiment, and we might add the march of necessity, made inroads beyond the bounds affixed by the customs of our country, as those females already engaged in some of the avocations just named, bear testimony. Yes, it is encouraging to know, that many clear headed, noble hearted, unselfish men, are now not only willing to grant them every opportunity they are prepared to improve, but are aiding them to secure positions of honor and profit. Blessed be Peter Cooper, and all who like him lend a helping hand to self-dependent women. They inspire us with confidence to join in the song, "There is a good time coming." May we be permitted to contribute a particle toward the speed of its approach. A time when they shall not be compelled to choose from a trio of callings, viz., domestic pursuits, making garments, or "teaching the young idea how to shoot," that "Procrustus bed of the educated female," as it has been significantly termed, the uneducated might some times be included. all honorable employments truly, and adapted to the organism of some, and supplying means of subsistence to a few, of that vast army of women in whose behalf our plea is presented.

As for those females, whose circumstances exempt them from the necessity of exerting their faculties, corporeal or intellectual, and who are content to loll on the lap of an indolent ease, undisturbed by the mental sadness, or bodily suffering, the moans of misery, or the wails of woe,

that are continually claiming alleviation from the hands of woman ; they do not aspire to be true women, but are satisfied to be mere ladies, we mean in the common acceptation of the term, nor do they want to know what they may do, as they are content to do nothing, although generally the most discontented of mortals, and in view of the winding up of terrestrial scenes, and the final adjustment of those conditions which are abiding, the most to be pitied.

It is undeniable, that idleness, frivolity, and extravagance, are prevailing evils among American females, especially among those who inhabit our cities. Perhaps it never occurred to the gentlemen of our land, that they were greatly responsible for these evils : evils of which they frequently complain, yet directly encourage, by giving their preference to those females who are distinguished for their lily fingers, and small understandings ; by so generally addressing them in the language of small talk, and by making their "most politest" bow to the best, aye, the most fashionably dressed lady ; by rising to give her a seat in the stage coach, rail car, or public assembly, while they allow the plainly clad to look out for herself. Yes, gentlemen, on your broad shoulders rests the responsibility of reforming in this particular, the present perhaps degenerate race of feminines.

It was the pride of Augustus Cæsar, that his imperial robes were manufactured by his wife and daughter. Alexander the Great wore garments made by his sister. A robe, prepared by the industry and skill of Tonaquil,

the wife of Tarquin, was suspended in the Temple of Fame as an example to Roman maids and matrons.

It would, doubtless, be well for the ladies of this republic if they copied the industrious habits of those of ancient Rome, and modern Germany, with half the zeal they manifest in adopting the fashions of those of France. Of the German ladies, it is said, they can not conceive the idea of passing an hour with pleasure, while their fingers are unemployed. To so great an extent do they carry this industrious mania, as habitually to ply the needle during morning calls. A visitor who comes to spend an hour or two is prepared to follow this example. . Even after a dinner party, when they assemble in the parlor, they quietly seat themselves and draw forth their work. The more elderly knit, the younger embroider; and the needle is plied to the merry music of their tongues. The naive excuse which a German wife gave, when questioned by an American with reference to this habit, would be quite apposite to the ladies of our country. "We are weaving into substance again," she laughingly replied, "the smoke which our spendthrift husbands are puffing to the winds, lest their extravagance ruin us." While sipping their coffee in the open air, they do not relinquish the needle; but ever and anon refresh themselves with the comfortable assurance that they are not idle, by taking a stitch. Let us imitate them, and not the fluttering insect, which sings and shines for a day;

"When gone, no one regrets its loss,
Or scarce remembers that it was."

But anxious to make our mark on the world, by leaving it better than we found it, preferring to meet the trials connected with an unpopular pursuit to a life of uselessness.

When Coleridge said, "the true character of woman consists in being characterless," he did not utter a Bible sentiment. No, we thank Him, who gave us the book. He has immortalized the names of many females by placing them there, and thus encouraged others to become women of mark; not with the hope of a vain distinction, but with a view to improve humanity, and their own deathless natures.

We cite a few more examples of woman's mission, as we find them illustrated in the sacred book.

Among the instances of female industry and enterprise there chronicled, were those of the daughters of Israel, who contributed to the adornment of the tabernacle by spinning with their *own hands* blue and purple, scarlet and fine linen, and goats' hair. That truly eminent woman, Sarah, is alluded to in the capacity of housekeeper, and as preparing warm cakes for the repast of those three celestial strangers whom her husband had invited to partake of their hospitality. Honored woman; her cooking patronized by angels. Rebecca is introduced to us in the act of going to the well for the purpose of drawing water, carrying a vessel on her shoulders. What a lady! Rachel is shown us in the character of shepherdess; and while engaged in that capacity she met with that distinguished man who afterwards became her husband.

And here permit us to digress while we contemplate,

for a moment, this matchless love story—as true as thrilling, and thrilling as true; not merely love at first sight, and a love expressed by the lips, whether in words or in tokens more significant, but by tears; not “woman’s tears,” but those which proceeded from the eyes, aye, the heart, of a strong man. And what an unparalleled proof of the ardor and permanence of his attachment was expressed by the assurance that the seven years’ toil, rendered as compensation for her, seemed but a few days; so great was his love. A confirmation, strong, of “holy writ,” that genuine love is born and matched in heaven.

Oh, for the return of those halcyon days of patriarchal simplicity and patriarchal integrity, when love was a genuine article; when

“Domestic happiness, that only bliss of paradise
Which has escaped the fall,”

was enjoyed by prince and peasant. Truly, there were in those days no spouseless women

“Low moaning for their mates,”

nor men wedded, not to women but to self.

Oh, ye artificial beings, so many of whom are now figuring on the stage; ye degenerate race—mere apologies for men and women; ye long haired gentry and flashy belles, who are seeking to entrap your victims with money, or the show thereof, that you may get the same in return. Ye

“Sordid souls of earthly mold,
That, drawn by kindred charms of gold,”

what is your success, in the pursuit of your "being's end and aim," to that of those primeval gentlemen and ladies? What are circles of gaiety, as places to judge of character? Do not simperings, and airy nothings, too frequently form the sum of intercourse in those circles? Yet, they are now the great marts of matrimony; the commodity often disguised on both sides. Alliances formed between silk and broadcloth are liable to endure no longer than the attractions that drew them together.

But we turn again to the women of the Bible. Among those distinguished for interest was Ruth; a young widow, who, with the aid of her manœuvering-mamma-in-law, succeeded in obtaining a second husband; and, in this respect, may be regarded as the representative of modern widows. She was not particularly coy of the other sex; as she procured the bread for herself and the venerable Naomi, by gleaning the fields in company with them.

Then we have an illustration of a peculiar type of woman in the character of Abigail, who merited the designation—"strong minded;" not in its perverted, but in its truthful significance. Conscious of the futility of consulting her besotted husband, she entered upon an immediate negotiation to save her family and home from threatened destruction. She did not stop to parley about woman's proper sphere, or what "they would say;" but promptly obeyed the dictates of her womanly heart, and her "good understanding," and is commended for so doing.

Huldah, a prophetess, who dwelt in a college at the

Jewish metropolis, must have possessed some mental force, or she would not have been consulted with reference to the interests of her nation. Then we have another striking illustration of mental superiority, enveloped in female form, in the case of that honorable woman, the queen of Sheba—the Balkis of profane history; honorable, not merely as queen, but because so intense was her desire to obtain information, that she not only absented herself from home, doubtless a pleasant home, and traveled over every variety of road, save rail road, some three thousand miles, that she might reach the far famed city of Jerusalem; not for the purpose of mingling in its scenes of pleasure, or presenting herself as an object of admiration, but that she might listen to the wisdom of its renowned king. Yes, and “try him,” too, “with hard questions.” What a woman! Was she not in danger of unsexing herself, of becoming unwomanly? Yet he who “spake of trees, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall, of beasts, and birds, and creeping things, and fishes,” was doubtless as ready to communicate knowledge to her, as to those kings who came to him for a similar purpose. And we may infer that the queen of Sheba was a “single woman;” or, if she had a husband, he must have been like some modern husbands—a mere appendage, and not worth naming; as she was sole commander of the retinue, and seems to have considered it one of woman’s rights so to be. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that she imparted to her people the information thus acquired, and, for aught we know, by means of public lectures.

The daughters of Shullum, who repaired the wall of Jerusalem, the daughter of Ephraim, who built Beth-horan, the nether and the upper, and Uzzen Shera, must have been competent business women, or what some would term unwomanly. The virtuous woman, too, described in the book of Proverbs, is represented as decidedly a working woman; and would be regarded at the present day as anything but a fashionable lady.

Then the eminent women of the New Testament obviously shrank from no place or position where they could do good. Those who followed the Saviour from place to place, from Galilee to Jerusalem, that they might alleviate His sufferings, might, had they been exposed to the observation of modern critics, have been pronounced "out of their sphere," but were not blamed by the Master.

"He that will not work, neither shall he eat," says the apostle, by which we suppose he meant to inculcate industry in both sexes, the specific work of each being left to their own option. He did not censure Lydia, for coming from Thyatira to Phillippi, for the purpose of selling purple; and while he commends Phebe, a deaconess of the church at Cenchrea, to the church at Rome, he requests them to aid her in whatsoever business she might need aid; whether her business was of a private or a public character; whether she wished the adjustment of her own pecuniary affairs, or the privilege of presenting to the Romans a communication in behalf of her sex, or any other good object, he does not inform us.

In behalf of the daughters of our land, who we pre-

sume are duly grateful to their gallant brothers, for having manifested so much solicitude for their welfare, ever ready to raise a warning voice, when apprehensive that they were in danger of overstepping their prescribed domain; so self-forgetful, anxious only to keep the women right, not seeming to suspect that possibly some of their own sex were as much out of their sphere, as is that woman who publicly reminds them of the fact. We remark that we deem it but common courtesy to return the compliment. We therefore offer a few kind suggestions relative to the *proper* sphere of *man*. Permit us, then, dear sirs, to say that your sex are generally—we except those whose feeble physique is unfitted for arduous toil—out of their sphere, when occupying places of industry, and pecuniary advantage, which women can fill with equal ability, always when paying a man twice the amount you pay a woman, for service of the same value. when standing at street corners, on the steps of stores or hotels, for the purpose—what a *lofty* purpose—of making observations on the face, figure, gait or garments of females as they pass, and whether one carries large sail, as the phrase is, or her circumference is of smaller dimensions, whether her dress sweeps the ground, or is not of the prescribed length; she will not fail to be a subject for comment. We do not suppose that any present are guilty of such meanness, no, gentlemen do not condescend to such practices, yet it is a notorious fact, that those claiming to be men do indulge in the habit, and some of them resort to a mode of living less commendable than any thing the most erratic of our sex ever engaged

in: spending hour after hour during the broad light of day, in lounging about stores, taverns, saloons, etc., sitting on boxes or barrels, or reclining on chairs, hugging their knees as though fearful of the elopement of those organs; others with those extremities which nature intended to be the lowest, occupying a position far above their heads, one hand administering to the necessities of the pipe or cigar, the other quietly reposing in the pocket of that "most awkward of all garments," but of which the wearers are the most jealous, discussing dogs, horses, politics, etc., or perhaps they exchange a few thoughts relative to the proper sphere of woman. If one of the inferior sex, as they deem them, happen to pass, they do not fail to greet her in the face, with a liberal cloud of that incense, every where offered to the demon of depraved sense (we beg pardon, it seems to us depraved), nor to enliven the scene by copious ejections of saliva. These are followed by a few of those "choice epithets" so much in vogue with the class, perhaps they conclude the discussion with the sage remark, "they are nothin' but women any how, and they better stay to hum than to go round lecturin."

When we hear a man speak disparagingly of a woman, as such, we wonder who was his mother, or from whence he drew the pabulum of life, while a mewling and puking infant. Such an one must have forgotten that he ever was a bundle of a baby; and that to "woman's soft hand and sympathising heart he'll be glad to come at last."

Doubtless those beings just described are as well

satisfied that they are in their proper sphere as is a certain quadruped, while reposing on the soft bosom of mother earth after a copious shower. When compelled to contemplate a group of the above animals—we mean the bipeds—we are reminded of the language of Watts :

“Are these the things, my passions cried,
That we call men ?
Are these allied to the fair worlds of light ?
They have razed out their Maker’s name,
Graven on their minds in pointed flame,
And strokes divinely bright.”

But we leave them to those of their own sex, who doubtless would be glad to see them elevated to the dignity of humanity.

Those who teach us that men and women are simply human beings, possessing tastes, and powers of body and mind in common, equally adapted to the various performances patronized on the footstool, fail, it seems to us, to recognize the distinction instituted in the garden of Eden. That illustrious man, whom we may all claim as our sire, was instructed to till the ground, from whence he was taken. Yes, he who, instead of protecting her who was provided to meet his wants, and make up his deficiencies, from the arch enemy of both, participated in, and abetted her disobedience,* incurred the following penalty: Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; from the sweat of thy brow shall thou eat thy bread. Does not the

above penalty, meted out to man alone, clearly indicate that the more arduous employments, the rougher paths of life, were intended for him?

Verily, men of modern times enjoy a wide domain, upon which to exercise their powers of brain, bone and muscle. There is no necessity for them to waste their energies on those petty concerns which our sex are competent to manage. And we certainly could not infer, from the principle of adaptation, that the corporeal powers of men were conferred on them for the purpose of standing behind a counter, trafficking in pins and needles, measuring lace and ribbons, and saying silly things to fair customers. Yet they have ungallantly, and unblushingly, monopolized similar pursuits for generations. Surely, it is time that men ceased to unman themselves by retailing such trinkets and gewgaws, and that they leave them to the care of the weaker vessels, while they apply themselves to the ax or the anvil, the plow or the pick; or some calling more worthy their physical endowments. Truly, it must be more congenial and manly to exercise their powers in subduing the properties of nature; transforming the wilderness and the desert into orchards and gardens, swamps and morasses into luxuriant meadows and fields of waving grain, converting the elements of the earth into instruments for constructing highways, and bridging its dissevered portions, arranging those mysterious mediums which noiselessly tell the tales of one nation to the ears of another, that thus the many sons and daughters of Adam may form the acquaintance of their brothers and sisters dispersed over the

footstool, construct ships and man them, build cities and dictate laws to them. Yes, the agricultural, military, civil and ecclesiastical departments will still be theirs, together with manufactures and commerce on the grander scales.

We think it very possible, that the gentlemen had an eye to these avenues in the event of a reformation, such as we advocate, previous to our suggestion. But as the question is sometimes asked, "What are the men going to do, when the women become clerks, merchants, etc.?" we wished to console those who seemed distressed, at the prospect of having the fancy articles taken out of their hands, by reminding them of the illimitable field that lies open to the lords of this lower planet, where they may accomplish mighty deeds and manly.

Surely, gentlemen will not object to the change, as they must admit that a large amount of masculine power has been expended on very trifling pursuits; and as they are willing to be regarded as the most important part of creation, they are doubtless willing to fill the most important posts, or at least those most obviously effective in their results on community at large. Should any, however, be so unmanly as to determine to adhere to their frivolous occupations, despite the progress of public opinion and public practice, impelled by common sense, we would suggest, that such be provided with skirts and shawls, and exquisite little bonnets, gracefully falling off the head, which, with their hairy faces, would doubtless form striking pictures.

Trusting that we have the gentlemen's pardon for pre-

suming to pass a few comments on some of those unmanly performances every day gratuitously exhibited, remembering that we do not assume the position of instructor, but simply that of reminder, we revert to our main theme, a theme more congenial and in which we are more deeply interested, viz., the improvement and elevation of females.

We have previously alluded to the progressive character of the present age, and the manner in which this fact has affected woman, elevating her standing, and advancing her interests. But there is another feature developed by this progressive tendency, which to us is so striking, that we feel strongly inclined to give it a passing notice. We allude to the change, perceptible to the most casual observer, that has obtained in the manners of young ladies, during the last quarter of a century. We advert only to a portion of those who constitute the class at the present day, and hope we shall be excused if we express a few thoughts representing the subject as it appears to some of us, who were trained in the old school. By the way, it does seem a pity that some of those women who have passed the period of youth and its attractions unmated, could not have deferred their entrance upon the stage for a score of years at least, than instead of waiting at home for a husband to come, until their glory had departed and Ichabod written on their brows; they might have "taken one by storm," without incurring the reputation of extreme singularity. Unfortunately, perhaps, they were taught to regard coyness, or a degree of timidity, as requisite to maidenly modesty. As to making advances to Mr. A, B,

and C, pressing them to call, to remain longer, etc., and manifestations of readiness to meet at least half way. Why those who indulged in them, would hardly be admissable in "good company." And as for flirtation now so much in vogue, it was then utterly tabooed, but the old fashioned sentiment contained in the song, "One good heart is enough for me," illustrated in this particular, the creed and the conduct of that age of simplicity. And in this connection, permit us to remark, that if single women are as a class unhappy, those who were once flirts, but who are now abandoned must be peculiarly so.

As an additional proof of the absence in that age of a certain liberty prevalent at the present day, it may be stated that the young women were taught to regard industry and economy as cardinal virtues; a practical knowledge of which was considered essential to a well balanced character. But what say some of our modern misses to such an assertion? "Oh, horrid," exclaims Miss Fiddlety-dee. "Perfectly horrible," responds Miss Hightytighty. "Who cares if they did?" adds Miss Flyaway. Many of the industrious dames are still left us. But are there not many idle damsels? What if mamma is in the kitchen, perhaps washing pots and kettles. Is her precious daughter going to soil her fair fingers by such drudgery? How much pleasanter to divide the time spared from dressing, visiting, novel reading and flirtation, between a few dissonant and heartless attempts on a musical instrument, a little mimic picture painting, or a bit of embroidery. Amid all these *important* occupations, one grand aim is kept constantly in view,

viz., that of finding some one upon whom they may hang the burden of their lives. Truly, we have reason to apprehend that there will be many unwomanly women in the next generation.

“As a jewel in a swine’s snout, so is a fair woman without discretion,” saith the proverb. We think a gaily dressed, vacant minded, and coarse mannered female, equally incongruous. A trio of those who could claim a place in the above category, not long since, met in a populous street, when conversation similar to the following, expressed in a very demonstrative style, occurred between them—a fancy sketch, perhaps—“Kate, you going to the lecture to-night?” “What lecture?” “Why, Miss What’s Name’s.” “Ha, ha, that old maid?” “Well, she must want to show herself. ’Fore I’d speak in public.” “She did not realize, did not care how publicly she was heard.” “Wonder if she expects to get a husband.” “O! Hatt, look, there is Dick Jones, true as you live; he’s looking right at us. “How does my curls look?” “Does the powder on my face show?” Mr. Jones is greeted with fair speech and fascinating smiles, and is irresistibly attracted towards the group. “We were just talking about going to hear that old maid lecture,” proceeds one of these *model* young ladies. “Is’nt it a joke? She is going to show herself, and she is as old as the hills.” “Wonder how she’ll dress,” adds a third, while giving her outer skirt a decided elevation, that the next may “show what stuff its made of.” The young gentleman, whose “eyebrows,” at least

those which "he wears under his nose," are *a la mode*, expresses sentiments quite in harmony with theirs.

If such youth—we cannot apply the adjectives refined, or modest—were as anxious to imitate the more sensible habits of the French, as they are those that are least so, we would inform them that it is characteristic of that people to treat aged females, married or single, with marked deference. Even the youth of the celestial empire might teach some of those of our land a lesson in this particular; their seniors being revered in proportion to their age. And here permit us to observe that we deem a young woman—such deserve the name of woman—who treats those of her sex, who have lived longer than herself, as possibly her superiors, and exhibits towards them as much suavity of deportment as she does towards that variety of beings termed beaux, and a young man, whose lips are unpolluted by profane words, strong drink or tobacco, as bright examples, worthy the imitation of all aspiring young Americans.

In another essay, we have some quotations from an English author, attributing a habit—an odious habit—to the particular class of whom he treats. We have endeavored to show that its indulgence does not appertain to them as a class, but to the vacant minded, whatever their surroundings. We are, however, sorry to believe it most prevalent among our sex. The gentlemen not being so much addicted to gossip; and though their usual themes may not be particularly elevating, yet are of more importance to community than—"How many

were at Mrs. Flimflam's last party? How Mrs. Furbe-low was dressed; or who Miss Flirtation danced with; or, to whom of those ladies the 'gay Lotharios' made their most exquisite bows, or smiled most blandly." But gossip is by no means confined to those who mingle in circles of gaiety. The degrading habit prevails even among the industrious matrons, and their daughters of the rural districts. And this Yankee propensity is especially apparent in small communities. Even the arrival of a stranger excites inquiry and investigation relative to the who, and what, the when, and the where, connected with the past, present and future history of the individual. And so eager is this curiosity, that its unfortunate victim will be not only narrowly scanned, but interrogated respecting points, which it would require more than human prescience to answer. And here we feel strongly tempted to give the feminine ruralists another gentle hint; not because we think them most in need of incitements to improvement, but the most likely to profit by them. We allude to a practice which we know does not prevail among the most cultivated, yet, if we mistake not, is of frequent occurrence, viz., a group of women talking, all at the same time, each striving to drown the voice of her neighbor. O, ye members of the investigating tea party club; permit us to remind you of the apostle's appropriate advice: "If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace."

But we have only to look to the future, when we hope the clouds of prejudice shall have been dispersed from our

mental horizon, and the shackles of custom, not wholesome restraint, shall have been removed; when the frivolity, superficiality and devotion to display, shall have passed away—being superseded by a thorough intellectual and moral culture, for the full development of what women may and ought to be.

“Women govern us,” says Sheridan; “let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, the more we shall be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men.” We are happy to know that this wholesome doctrine is now being reduced to practice. Yes, the day has gone by when it was thought inexpedient to educate women, lest they become pedants, blue stockings, or slatternly housekeepers. But that education which Dugald Stewart describes as consisting in the cultivation of all the various principles of our nature, whether speculative or active, to the highest degree of perfection of which they are susceptible, is now regarded as the most effective auxiliary in producing harmony of character. Nor do we believe that if women enjoyed all the facilities for a liberal education, with which men have been favored, and were equally at liberty to select their own pursuits in life, there would be as many errant wanderers from the path marked out by the God of nature as there now are.

“What a resource, amid the calamities of life, is a highly cultivated mind,” exclaims Marie Antoinette, while contemplating the magnanimity of Madame Roland, amid the bitter persecutions endured by the latter, with a heroism which evinced her superiority, mentally and

morally. Yet even the effulgence of Madame Roland's character was eclipsed by that of Madame Guion, who was blessed not only with large intellectual resources, but with those higher consolations which alone can satisfy the soul. Of Madame Roland, it is said, she panted to be great, as Plutarch was great, viz., intellectually; to be a princely power in the realm of thought. Madame Guion panted to become a partaker of the divine nature; and of the final commendation, "she hath done what she could."

The Countess of Pontalby is known to fame, as one who has expended two millions of dollars on her house, and is yet dissatisfied. Mrs. Drake Mills is introduced to the public, as one who carried a nice little fortune on her person, at the festive assembly convened to celebrate the inauguration of President Lincoln. The two former of these women were reared amid much darkness and superstition; the two latter are residents of this republic, surrounded by the sunlight of the gospel. It is unnecessary to ask which of them were actuated by the loftiest purposes, or lived in accordance with a faith in immortality. Who, that thinks, would not infinitely prefer the distinction of either of the former to those of the latter?

If, in those by-gone ages of darkness, especially dark to women, the possession of an immortal nature by them being ignored by their masters and doubted by themselves, the power of thought sometimes evinced itself so unmistakably that their *wise* men were compelled to admit that "some women have souls"—if, amid such

unfavorable surroundings, many women became distinguished for their attainments in literature and science—if Mary Cunitz, who lived in the sixteenth century, was ranked with the first astronomers of her age—if Maria Schureman, a century later, became celebrated for her learning and her skill in the art of sculpture—if Lueretia Coriano was a woman of such rare intellectual acquisitions as to be regarded as an object of curiosity, more to be sought after than the rarest structures of art, or the most wonderful developments of nature—what wonder that the light of modern times exhibits such characters as Caroline Herschell, Mrs. Somerville, and Maria Mitchel, distinguished in the fields of astronomy, as well as Rosa Bonheur, Miss Landor, and Harriet Hosmer, whose geniuses are consecrated to the art of sculpture, and that learned women have ceased to be objects of curiosity? Yes, those pursuits formerly supposed to belong exclusively to the “lords,” are now being invaded by saucy little genii of the feminine gender. And imagination, though guarded by reason, pictures to us the women of the future as presenting a galaxy whose lights are not less numerously studded, or less resplendent, than that which they have been accustomed to regard with admiration, but as beyond their reach.

When woman’s mind is properly directed, and thoroughly cultivated, there will be no vacuity or barrenness of themes suited to its celestial origin; but it will find full scope and satisfactory employment while investigating the mysteries of nature and revelation. And we

cherish the hope that, in the next age, so many foolish sayings will not be imputed to old women; but that it may be said of each of them, as it was said of the learned Mrs. Montague, viz., "she never opens her mouth but to say something." Truly, there should be no occasion for the satirical allegation of the poet, when he describes women, as no sooner meeting than they fall

"To discussing, with important face,
Silks, ribbons, fans, gloves and lace."

No, the fair fields of creation, with their varied, their innumerable charms, invite the contemplation of earth's daughters, and afford ample and refining topics for social converse.

May they not feast their eyes upon the glories of

"Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
As with orient lustre she streaks the dewy lawn?"

and behold the "powerful king of day," as

"He rises rosy from the main;"

or when having, "like a strong man, run his race," he retires behind his curtains of ever varying purple, crimson and gold, or descends in a chariot of fire to his ocean bed? May they not listen to the music of nature, as it speaks through the faintest hum of the insect, the carol of joyous songsters, or the sound of many waters, which seem to utter more emphatically the voice of their great author? Yes, woman may regale her intellect, and her fancy, as they roam through the boundless domains terres-

trial, or the illimitable fields celestial; from the tiny spear of grass, which bows its head in homage to Him who supplies the morning dewdrop, wherewith to quench its thirst, to the majestic oak of a hundred years' growth, whose sturdy trunk and wide spreading branches have stood defiant of the rocking tempest or sweeping whirlwind; from the minutest and most impotent of insects to him whose terrific roar reverberates through surrounding wilds, and proclaims him king thereof; from the smallest pebble, over whose smooth surface glides the most noiseless and unpretending brook, to the huge rocks, against whose resistless base the waves of the mighty deep have dashed for centuries; from the minutest gem that sparkles—but not to human view—deeply concealed in earth's bosom, to those glorious orbs of light, which kindly send their beams down, down to us, benighted wanderers, and invite us to their celestial abodes. And may we be pardoned if, as we pass on, we congratulate our female readers, that we have, in our midst, women who are such thorough students of nature as to devote their energies to the investigation of its laws, as developed in living forms.

Mrs. Taylor of Georgia—a state, by the way, which, although now among the revolted, has the honor to have erected the first female college erected in America—has given so much attention to the insect tribe, as to have been constituted state entomologist. Mrs. Redfield, of New York, has systematized zoology, and presented it upon a beautiful chart, which “speaks to the eye, the

understanding and the heart;" and which "no one but a woman would have so minutely and truthfully executed."

Truly, the treasures of nature are inexhaustible; her table is always spread, her banquet is always ready, and all are offered a complimentary ticket. Alas! that so few have the *good taste* requisite to the enjoyment of her feasts. But just here we are reminded of those women—how numerous—who are debarred all rural sights, and rural sounds; doomed to devote every energy to the warding off the attacks of gaunt poverty, and grim-visaged want. May they be favored with frequent visions of those

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Which stand dressed in living green."

But we are unwilling to leave our theme, without expressing the hope that more, far more, attention to biblical science will constitute one of the features of that golden age for woman, already dawning. To profess to receive its doctrines, while ignorant of them, is glaring inconsistency. Or avowedly to reject them, while not knowing what they teach, is equally inconsistent. Its claims render it incumbent on all to examine them; and women have every inducement to discuss its teachings. Why? and we can not conceive why, a familiarity with its pages should not be regarded as the highest of accomplishments. Even Byron kept this "most thought-suggesting of books" always lying on his table. The Bible, as we have seen, has been the great reformatory agency

in raising women from the degradation of heathenism to the elevated condition which some now occupy ; and we look to its remedial influence as a correction to the sickly sentimentalism and unreasonable prejudices still cherished in our midst. The highest external polish, or mental culture, will avail comparatively little, unless the understanding and the moral nature be imbued with its divine philosophy. And does not observation teach us, that the most eminent women who have adorned our race, have been Bible students ? What other influence, but that derived from its pages, would have produced such characters as were exhibited by those public women—Ann H. Judson, Harriet Newell, Florence Nightingale and others, who exposed themselves to the censures of the world's tribunal, as not being keepers at home—women who preferred the relief, elevation and gratitude of the afflicted and degraded of their suffering fellow beings to the commendation and favor of said tribunal, when not in harmony with the monitor within. Let us keep an eye to the illustrious of our sex ; for

“The lives of great women all remind us,
 We may make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.”

Maiden Lady's Friend:

AN

A P P E A L

IN BEHALF OF

UNMARRIED WOMEN

BY MRS. NEMO.

SECOND EDITION.

• "Honor and shame from no condition rise,
• Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

ALBANY, N. Y. :
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.
1863.

PREFACE.

To all the Maiden Ladies and their Friends—who of course include all the sensible and intelligent portion of community—dispersed over the fair face of this wide-spread republic, Mrs. Nemo, the self-constituted advocate and representative of the sisterhood, sendeth greeting.

This is to certify, that in the days of our childhood, we had the misfortune to hear many foolish proverbs, and to learn many foolish lessons; none more so than the following: Though “old age is honorable, old maids are abominable.” From whence we obtained the couplet, or who originated the sentiment, we know not. But whoever it was—we *guess* ’twas masculine gender—he earned the title of prince of fools. So perceptible was its folly to our youthful and unsophisticated mind, that we regarded it as an outrage upon common sense. Early impressions are enduring: coming events are foreshadowed. Perhaps the circumstances of our early history, the oft-repeated teachings of the absurdity, have tended to fit us for our honorable function. “But I never had any pre-

judice against maiden ladies," says one, "people know better in these days: I had much rather my daughters should live single to the day of their death, than that they should marry unhappily." Well, we are glad that you are so sound. But are your daughters equally so? Have they imbibed no prejudice against those whom we attempt to vindicate, or against the state occupied by them? If you and your family are entirely exempt from the folly we are endeavoring to castigate, we congratulate you, while we assure you that you are wiser than some of your neighbors. For rest assured, dear reader, that however sensible you may be, "fools are not all dead yet," nor will they die while the trash upon which they feed is continually supplied them by the press. "But do *you* expect to do any good, to make the matter any better?" asks that celebrated critic, Mr. Smith. To which we reply, we are responsible only for what power we possess, though that power be weakness. We aspire only to the commendation, "she hath done what she could." To die and leave no "foot-print on the sands of time," has ever been an intolerable thought to us. We therefore leave our track, insignificant as it may be. And while we can boast of converts from among "wise and reverend heads," we shall not despair. One D. D. said to us after listening to a portion of our

appeal, "Well, Mrs. Nemo, I never will entertain another depreciating thought of a woman, merely because she is one of those whom the world calls 'old maids.'" Another, a clergyman of high standing, frankly conceded that he had been accustomed to give utterance to some of the absurd expressions quoted in our appeal, in the hearing of his daughter, whom he would not give in marriage, if at all, only under the most favorable circumstances. He admitted the evil influence of the practice, and of course promised amendment. Is not that something, Mr. Smith; that *we*, little *Mrs. Nemo*, should have converted a *minister* from the error of his ways? "So she is a lecturer is she? instructing gentlemen and even divines?" We beg pardon; we do not instruct, but simply remind them of what some of them had long ago forgotten. "She had better study St. Paul." We have done so, sir, and given our inferences in another lecture entitled "A Woman's Apology for appearing in public." You know that women love to lecture—perhaps you know by experience—and as we had no one to hear curtain lectures, Mr. N. being such a nonentity that words are lost upon him, we were driven to the necessity of asking attention from those who had "ears to hear." "Just the way to disaffect the gentlemen," we are told. Was ever creature so unfortunate? But it can't be helped.

We offer our little volume in the form of a lecture—as it was prepared for that purpose—with some additional quotations. We are sorry that it is not more worthy its subject; but hope that the suggestions contained in it may have a tendency to hasten the time when single woman shall have no occasion to suspect the slightest depreciation on account of their condition. To those who object to the foolish sayings—vulgarisms if you please—contained in it, we reply, there are cases in which the wise man instructs us to “answer a fool according to his folly,” and that vulgar people are not confined to low life. Besides, please remember that it was made to sell; and that bread which retains a portion of the bran, is much more digestible than that from which it is entirely expelled. We have only to hope that the article will be read with the same good nature with which it was dictated. If so its faults will be tolerated.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

We publish this second edition on account of the ready sale of the first, and the encouragement given us to believe that its influence has been salutary. To those who ask what is the object of this little work? we reply, our object is, in the publication of each of these tiny productions, to do good, first to ourself, secondly to our neighbor; to ourself pecuniarily, to our neighbor by inculcating a healthy tone of public sentiment with reference to our sex, whether in the condition of maid, wife, or widow. And by way of mitigation to their faults, permit us to say, that they were mostly written while "on the wing." The article on our present war, was to have been published during the first year of those manifestations, which have already proved like "Achilles' wrath, to Greece, the direful spring of woes unnumbered." But we had the misfortune to repose confidence in those whose "words proved but wind." We have only to hope that the aim of the writer may yet be in some measure realized.

MRS. NEMO.

AN APPEAL

IN BEHALF OF

UNMARRIED WOMEN

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES :

Pardon us for reversing the usual order of address, when gentlemen address us they give us the precedence, we think it but right to return the compliment. Besides, man was created first, not the man for the woman, but woman for the man, and we are willing that the stronger sex should occupy the place their Maker assigned them. We wish only that they maintained their high position as "head of the woman," with a better grace than they sometimes do. But we do not propose in this article a dissertation on man or woman in general, or on their relative duties or privileges. With regard to these subjects, you have "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." But although the age in which it is our privilege to live is an age distinguished alike for the general diffusion of intelligence, liberality of sentiment, and a widely expanded benevolence, when the pulpit and the press are each teeming with their earnest appeals in behalf of the various conditions of unfortunate humanity, yet nothing is more evident than that there exists a class of persons, who, although generally regard-

ed as peculiarly unfortunate, are entirely overlooked by this catholic spirit. "To him that is afflicted, pity should be showed from his friend," is an ancient maxim, a maxim which is practically adopted with reference to the widow and the orphan, the poor and oppressed, the ignorant and degraded, in all their modifications. But strange to tell, the *supposed* calamities of those to whom we allude instead of exciting the sympathy, excite but the *ridicule* of their fellow beings. And stranger still, that among the many reformers that from time to time have appeared in our world, endeavoring to bring order out of disorder, and to rectify a mistaken public opinion, rarely has one of them uttered or written a word in their favor. But philosophers and philanthropists, poets and pastors, have with very few exceptions, seemed to regard them only as fit objects at which ever and anon to shoot off an arrow, an arrow dipped in no very pleasant compound. Yes, they endure not only the obloquy of the malignant and the contempt of fools, that were tolerable, but the "scoffs, and the scorn, and the contumelious taunt," of the *good* and the *great*. Paradoxical as it may seem, those who proclaim the doctrine of an overruling Providence, in the least as well as the greatest of human affairs—"since from the least the greatest oft originate"—sometimes unite in depreciating them. Disconsolate indeed were they, but for that religion which is "no respecter of persons," and which proves its divinity by its adaptation and invitation to each and all of Adam's race, embracing them within the capacious folds of its mantle of love.

To whom would the preceding remarks apply but to

those females who have arrived at a certain, or, if you please, at an uncertain age, and whom a wise and a kind Providence has denied the bliss, or exempted from the woes of matrimony? "Old Maids," as they are vulgarly designated. Yes, you are all doubtless familiar with these peculiar persons—such the world represents them—for they like the poor are always with you, as they are not only a "peculiar" but a permanent "institution."

Among our earliest impressions respecting the incongruous opinions and practices prevailing in society, were the absurd sentiments entertained and inculcated in reference to those women who had passed the period of youth, and who—horrible to relate—were unmarried. To us the injustice with which they were treated seemed gross. And of the numerous projects that danced before our youthful vision, none were more prominent than that of one day writing a book in their vindication, as we then entertained the conviction that they included some of the most worthy as well as the most accomplished of individuals.

An apprehension of our inability to do justice to so interesting a theme had hitherto deterred us, but either by airy chance or the hand of Providence, we leave others to decide, we have recently been put in possession of a somewhat ancient production devoted to this very object.

The writer, an Englishman of the last century, evidently possessed the talent requisite for the undertaking, together with an unusual amount of moral courage and candor. Yet it requires but an ordinary share of acumen to discern a vein of depreciation running through the

whole of this curious work, so thoroughly imbued are men's minds with prejudice against those maidens who are *guilty* of being advanced in life. The possession of these volumes, has inspired us with new courage to attempt the execution of a long cherished purpose; or, in other words, to fulfill what we are inclined, judging from a train of circumstances, to regard as our mission, as we need not now depend entirely on our own resources, but design to extract copiously from this pithy and classical author.

The reasons which have induced us to pursue our present course, are given in the treatise designed to precede this. We hope those who have heard or read that article, if not satisfied that we are stepping on no illegitimate domain, will at least admit that we are conscientious. And while we hope to emit one ray of light which may shine on a subject still darkened by prejudice, we would remind our hearers that the beams of the little candle, though few and feeble, are very useful when permitted to light on some obscure corner, where the emanations from larger orbs do not enter. And although we disclaim for this essay any pretension to special literary merit, we do claim some credit for daring not only to engage in the defence of, but also for avowing ourself, while on the sunny side of three-score, as one of a class who are every where spoken against. And bearing in mind, that the ablest heads are generally connected with the most generous hearts, and are consequently the most indulgent critics, we would bespeak from all a lenient spirit towards this *maiden* production.

A reference to our author, proves very clearly the existence, in his day, of the prejudice to which we have alluded, and the influence it then exerted in community. And although it is true that the light diffused by science and religion, has dispelled many of the mists and clouds which have so long hovered about our mental and moral atmosphere, and obscured the vision of the public eye, yet it cannot be denied that with regard to our sisterhood, a sentiment unfounded in revelation or reason still pervades the minds of a large portion of community.

A distinguished modern writer remarks : " The current literature of the day, the fashionable novels, the poetry and the newspapers, are continually intimating that marriage is indispensable to the respectability and usefulness of females, and not only the silliest jokes, but the most cruel taunts, are flung at single women ; so that they are often impelled by the dread of ridicule—of which strong and wise men sometimes stand in awe—to rush into the most ill-assorted alliances, from which only sin and sorrow can flow."

To those who indulge in perusing the light literature of the day, although to a very limited extent, the writer's statements need no corroboration.

Fanny Fern is an instance of the class of writers to whom reference has just been made. Who that has ever read her spicy, but sometimes bitter leaves, has not observed the asperity which she expresses toward maiden ladies? She manifests the same spirit in reference to them, which she accuses them of entertaining in regard to others. How strange that a woman who has been

married three times, and who has at least two living husbands, should not possess so much sweetness of temper as to love every body, at least all of her own sex, though she may deem them less fortunate than herself. We are glad that Fanny cannot claim to be a member of the sisterhood of senior maidens, as it would be a pity that they should have so ill natured a representative.

We suppose no tale of fiction is regarded as complete, which does not include among its characters some ridiculous female, whose oddities expose her to public derision, and who never fails to be represented as an old maid. The novelist always pictures his heroine as young, and youth as her chief charm, upon which all her other charms depend, and youthful affections are estimated as the only affections worth seeking. How little are the attachments of those advanced in life appreciated; not that they are supposed to be less judicious or generous, less deep or durable; but their persons are less pretty to look at, a manly reason, indeed!—or rather a manlike reason why they should remain unsought.

Yes, the Desdemona of the novelist is always arrayed in wonderful personal attractions. Little is said of her phrenological developments, her mental acquisitions, or her achievements in the line of industry or ingenuity. But much of her luxuriant auburn tresses, her fair and polished forehead; her large and languid eyes, vieing with the firmament in their celestial hue; her soft cheek where the lily and the rose strive for the mastery; her nose, whether aquiline, Grecian, or Roman, is always a perfect nose; her coral lips expressive of everything

good, and when they emit her melodious voice, display teeth of the finest make ; her chin just what a beautiful chin should be ; her neck arching and graceful, and doubtless she has a slender waist, where that wonderful piece of mechanism, which her Maker placed there, about which she knows but little and thinks less—is restrained from a healthy growth, lest a vulgar form be the result ; and then the soft and unsoiled hand, requisite to every heroine. Last, but not least in importance, the tiny foot—a capacious understanding for a woman being deemed decidedly vulgar in one sense, and unnecessary in the other.

It might be pertinently asked, what merit would there be simply in the possession of all the adventitious circumstances just described, yet by them she is supposed to conquer men's hearts. But does this Rosa du Monde retain her youthful charms ? If personal attractions were enduring, then they might justly be deemed worthy the attention bestowed on them. But alas ! a few fleeting years, and the ploughshare of time, and the harrow of care with its jagged teeth, have marred that once faultless face. And supposing she never marries the tall and manly Charley—that noble-hearted and generous youth, to whom our heroine is, of course, betrothed, or does not marry at all ? How many circumstances might have occurred to prevent ? Perhaps death interposed, and claimed the distinguished youth as his own. Or perhaps our heroine's devotion led her to sacrifice delight at duty's shrine—to relinquish the prospects of conjugal felicity, in lieu of which, she enjoyed the felicity of aiding infirm parents, while they were journeying down the steep of

time. But where now is the adulation which was once lavished upon her? alas! where? Is she less worthy of admiration? Has she not greatly improved in all that ennobles an immortal intelligence? Yes, her intellect is expanded, her heart enlarged, her conceptions elevated, her charities extended, her views of life corrected, and the purpose for which she lives higher and holier. But instead of shining as a bright particular star, the nucleus of interest in the romance, she is made to occupy a niche which none but some forsaken, love-lorn, ridiculously queer creature, can fill—some Polly Prue or Patty Pace, to make up the variety of that group, where, a few years earlier, this *same* individual would have figured as the rose of the world. The flower just plucked from the stem, in all its verdure, fragrance and beauty, is caressed, and placed in a position where it can best administer to the delight of the owner. But when its verdure, fragrance and beauty have departed, it is “cast out and trodden under foot of men.” Is not the destiny of the flower figurative of the destiny of many females? If so, how necessary that the amaranthus be possessed within.

Prominent among the precepts contained in the sacred Book, is that requiring reverence toward the aged; but unmarried women are depreciated in exact ratio to the number of years their Maker has preserved them in being; and although it is generally admitted, in theory at least, that age should be venerated, yet who of us has not heard comments similar to the following? “Well, anything but an old maid. They are so peculiar.” Yes, a woman who was never married is supposed to be very peculiar, let her

take what course she may. Then they are said to be so fussy—without pausing to reflect whether, indeed, they are more fussy or mussy than other people;—so fidgety—while perhaps it may be doubted whether they are ever as fidgety, lest their future husbands should not do well, as married ladies are when they know theirs to be where they ought not to be;—so singular; not reflecting that they must needs be singular until they are made plural;—so stiff, forgetting that they never had a husband to take the starch out of them. Those who are blessed with a full share of corpulency are described as bouncing old maids. Those whose physical developments are of an opposite nature, are said to be dried up and ready to blow away; and, contradictory as it may seem, single women are often declared to be doubled and twisted old maids. After all these *respectful* epithets are applied to them, they are told that they are so sour! Yes; cross, disappointed old maid, has long been a familiar household word. If, indeed, they do manifest these characteristics, it must be admitted that they but reflect back the spirit which an unthinking and an unsympathizing world bears towards them. Sugar may be converted into vinegar by a certain process, so the sweetest disposition may become soured.

Surely, the remarks to which we have alluded are not measured by the golden rule; but they are often uttered by ladies, *delicate*, *amiable* ladies, whether married, or too young to feel in any danger of growing old, sometimes by fathers and mothers while addressing their daughters, and not unfrequently they predict for those

daughters a similarly unhappy condition, as an incentive to avoid peculiarities and to a cultivation of the graces. Should the daughters of such parents rush into those "ill-assorted alliances," to which we have alluded, would not those parents have occasion for self-reproach?

Perhaps a reference to the experience of some present, may serve to illustrate the effects of that prejudice which we are endeavoring to disperse, and to prove its existence where it is not suspected.

You may have occasionally met with a woman, apparently between the ages of thirty and fifty, or, if you please, of no particular age, remarkably tall and lank, possessing a sharp nose and an angular chin, her dress and manner being decidedly queer. Perhaps she interrogates you unmercifully, in a nasal or drawling tone; and, to crown the picture, occasionally regales her olfactory organs from a mysterious little box, partially concealed by a very dubious looking handkerchief. Your first impression respecting such an individual, if we mistake not, was that she must be an old maid. And have you not been surprised to learn that this queer looking creature was a married lady? It may be, indeed, that she was one of those who, as the phrase is, "was cut out for an old maid." If so, she was evidently spoiled by marrying.

On the other hand, perhaps you have been introduced to one of those model women, would that they were more numerous, whose gentleness of manner, and refined as well as instructive conversation, demonstrated a cultivated mind and heart; may be her physical develop-

ments distinguished for beauty, yet belonging to our proscribed category. And were you not surprised to learn, that instead of being as you may have supposed, the wife of a distinguished man, she was "only an old maid." Is not such an experience the result of prejudice, a prejudice unworthy the nineteenth century, and fit only for the dark ages, of which it is evidently a product? Apropos, to this sentiment, how frequently is it remarked of individuals, "strange that she was never married; she is quite good-looking," or quite smart," as though the most inferior women did not marry, as well as those of the opposite class.

It seems to be forgotten, that every one of those who are now designated by the obnoxious epithet, old maid, were a few years since young and blooming, and many of them as beautiful as any of those whom we have the pleasure of addressing, and their anticipations not less brilliant.

We presume no lady present intends to cherish feelings of disdain, in reference to those less pleasantly situated than herself in this life. Surely, the married, however truly blessed they may consider themselves, should not speak with contempt of those whom they deem so unblessed; expressions of sympathy in reference to their unfortunate sisters, would be far more appropriate. And permit us to say to those married ladies, or rather married females, who so often predict the drying up and blowing away of some of the unmarried, that should Mr. Boreas ever take it into his head to devastate the earth of all the unmarried women, who

now adorn it, we know not which would have occasion most deeply to deplore the loss, themselves or their children; nor can we conjecture how community could dispense with the many warm-hearted and self-sacrificing aunties; the devoted, kind and efficient teachers of the young, and tenders of sick, who are generally furnished from this class. But we are not at all apprehensive of a result so disastrous to community; as we have ever kept an eye on them, and are not aware that one of the class ever came to so untimely an end. On the contrary, we have every reason to believe that Mr. Boreas, like a sensible old gentleman, has ever met them with the same tokens of respect which he manifests towards kings and queens.

But ere we proceed to vindicate the noble army of unmarried women from the aspersions cast upon them, by the vulgar and the malign, permit us to exonerate ourself from the imputation of attempting to disparage matrimony. No. What God hath declared to be honorable, let no one presume to dishonor;—those whom “He hath joined together, let no man,” much less woman, attempt to “put asunder;” but let the sacred institution of marriage occupy the place assigned it by the only wise God. Our design being simply to defend from unmerited reproach, those who by a train of unfavorable, or *possibly* favorable, circumstances, have been preserved in a state of single blessedness.

She who has been deprived of the protection and support of the strong arm of man, which she once enjoyed, meets with universal sympathy. Yes, the widow has

many friends. But where is the sympathy for her who never had a husband? If, indeed, she is supposed to have had many offers of connubial bliss, which she has thought proper to refuse, one of woman's unquestioned rights, she may be regarded with a small degree of leniency. But she, concerning whom it is believed, that she was never invited to enter the elysian bowers of wedlock, finds the least mercy, but on her devoted head falls the whole weight of the stigma: while manifestly, if there be blame, it is her's that could, but would not.

That the foolish sentiments which are afloat on this subject should be adopted by the ignorant, the unthinking, or the imbecile, is not surprising, because adapted to their tastes; but that the intelligent, the experienced, and the wise, should entertain them, is quite unaccountable. Yet it can not be denied that in this respect we have, in some instances, "like priests like people." That they did not derive their sentiments from Him who is the source of all wisdom, we are confident, for that great Teacher who came from God inculcated no such contracted views; for as He is no respecter of persons, so the wisdom which He taught was without partiality. The partiality of His friendship, however, was fully manifest toward the devoted Mary, and her sister Martha, concerning whom, it is evident that they had arrived at mature years, and were still unmarried. And we venture to conjecture that the benevolent Dorcas was not encumbered by the cares involved in "pleasing a husband," or she could not have devoted so much of her time to the

comfort of the needy. And who can prove that Phebe, "servant of the church at Cenchrea," and other distinguished females named by the apostle, did not belong to the single sisterhood? But however this may be, we are sure that God has permitted many an unmarried woman of modern times to occupy the high position of servant in His church on earth, and will place them in the higher position of daughter, in his church above. Nor did the noble Paul depreciate them, for while he admits that "they who marry do well," he yet gives it as his opinion that they who remained "like himself did better." And while he simply gives permission to the young women to marry, but no necessity is laid upon them, it is evident that no guilt is incurred by remaining single. Therefore no good reason can be adduced, why they should not be equally respected with the married, when equally worthy. Yes, both are alike, the erring daughters of Eve, and should be, but are not, judged by precisely the same standard. Because, forsooth, the former have never been caught in Hymen's noose, but are enjoying entire liberty, calling no man lord save Him who is the rightful Lord of every man and woman, are they to be despised? May we not confidently ask: Where are there to be found the noble traits of moral courage, self-dependence, and liberality of feeling, if not among those who have been accustomed to form their own plans, exercise their own judgments, and consult their own convenience? It is not to be supposed that those who seldom venture abroad without an arm of

flesh upon which to lean, and who have another head besides their own to dictate for them, should find it so necessary to cultivate these desirable characteristics.

As to the charge to which we have alluded, that as single women advance they become fretful and irritable, we think it is attributed to them as a peculiarity, by those who are destitute of candor : for it is obvious that the termagant will be the termagant still, though she be married. So thought the renowned philosopher of Greece, when he took to himself that contentious woman, Xantippe ; for it is affirmed of him, that a continual testing of his self-control was the assigned motive which induced him to place such a thorn at his side. Nor was Socrates disappointed, as he was not only a witness, as some of us have been, but a participator in the confusion and wild misrule, into which a family may be thrown by a scolding mistress. Not even the recollection that she was united for life to so good and great a man, was sufficient to becalm the tempest within ; but husband and household must abide her sweeping denunciations, and perchance she terminated her long and loud complaints with an assurance that she wished herself unmarried. If she did not, we know those who have done so.

But as we previously stated, we have not the remotest wish to disparage a copartnership for life, where this connexion is of a suitable character, viz : where there exists a similarity of tastes and views, and not too great a disparity in age and attainments. But we cannot approve of that uncouth conjunction formed by the union of hoary-headed age and blooming youth. The silly

pate of the poor old man may be possessed with the infatuation so prevalent in our day, viz: that a wife is to be estimated not by her moral worth or intellectual endowments, but by the simple fact that she has not lived long enough for the development of either; yet he will soon learn that their hearts do not beat in unison, and that two cannot walk together except they be agreed.

He that formed man from the dust of the earth, and "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," did not deem it necessary to wait a score, or half a score of years, ere he called into existence his helpmeet. But the same day the Creator of man took from him a rib which He transformed into a woman, and placed at his side—

"God's last, best gift to man ;

For who would after better, worse create?"

Yes, the most illustrious pair that ever graced our earth, the father and mother of the vast human family, drew their first breath of vitality on the same day. It is vain for the caviller to remind us of the fact that we know not the amount of time included in one of the days of creation: He that said "it is not good for man to be alone,"—please remember that the same was never said of woman—did not leave him alone. Why should not the venerable sires and grandsires of modern times profit by this revealed fact? Verily, the claim of Adam and his lady to the distinction of being the "first people," the *very first*, will not be disputed; a sufficient reason, surely, why their example should be imitated.

Those gentlemen who wed in their primeval days, generally select consorts from those whose age is in the neighborhood of their own, usually somewhat younger, perchance a little older. Perhaps in a few years death lays the wife aside. The husband drops a few tears over the new made grave of his departed spouse. It may be that he admits, as did the practical man, that her death was a great loss to him, as she was an excellent house-keeper, always had his dinner ready at the hour, and a clean table-cloth, too; nor had his garments occasion to complain of the absence of buttons. But the bright idea that he is again at liberty to seek another wife, again to engage in courtship, which Addison affirms to be the "happiest portion of a man's life,"—dispels his sadness, dries his tears, and entirely reconciles him to this dispensation of Providence. But does he seek to supply the place of her whom he has lost by one of nearly the same age? O no, indeed! he would as soon think of replacing an old and faded garment with one equally old and faded.

But seeks one fresh and fair,
Whose head has never produced a gray hair,
Whose brow was never written o'er with care.

Our modern wise men are in no danger of committing the error of uniting themselves to women much their seniors, as did the immortal Johnson, and Howard, and M. de Rocca, who married Madame de Stael, though she was twice his own age. Those gentlemen were certainly very remarkable characters: their practice corresponded

to the teachings of their philosophy, having an eye to the internal rather than to the external.

Perhaps we may be suspected of having "eaten sour grapes." Be it so: our "children's teeth are" not "set on edge thereby." We frankly concede, however, that no small share of the grace of submission is necessary, to enable us to maintain a perfectly quiescent spirit, when passed by, by those farther advanced on the journey of life than we; while our juniors, and *possibly* inferiors are preferred. But let us console ourselves with the reflection that a spirit of resignation to Him that doeth all things well, may be worth more to us than a husband. Besides, is not the conscious exemption from the responsibilities of a wife, or the more fearful responsibilities of a mother, or the suspicious relation of stepmother no compensation? We regard it as such. It is true that we are destitute of a good husband to protect us: we admit it to be a misfortune, but it is also true that we have not the far greater misfortune of a bad one to *torment* us. And although man is assured, that he "who findeth a wife findeth a *good* thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord," yet where is a woman assured that she who finds a husband finds a good thing? We never could find that text.

But to return to the contemplation of those characteristics which are evidently essential to happiness in the conjugal state. In addition to the requisites already mentioned, it is necessary that both possess those qualities of heart without which there can be no permanent happiness in any situation. And then that each cover

each with a mantle of charity. Finally, and most important of all, that both love God supremely; thus shall their love to each other be genuine and durable, thus may both contribute to smooth the rugged journey of life, and aid each other, not only in acquiring or retaining an earthly competence, but in securing an interest in that inheritance which is "incorruptible, undefiled," and unfading. Or as Watts beautifully expresses the sentiment,

"When kindred minds their God pursue,
They cleave with double vigor through
The dull, incumbent air."

Of the places of their abode, it could not be said, as it is now said in truth of too many of the dwellings in our land, that "instead of being the home of the husband, they are only lodging-places, where he spends a few exhausted hours, and then hurries off to more congenial scenes."

"But loving and faithful, through the common lot,
Rejoicing or weeping,
Whether in palace home, or humble cot,
Their high behest keeping.
And when life's daily wear to light doth bring
The spots that round poor human nature cling,
They wrap their vows around them closer still—
Age may bring them sickness and silver hairs,
But each morn and even will find them higher up
the narrow stairs
That wind to heaven.
Just at the landing they may miss one another,
But God shall call them both the father and the mother.
For they had pitched their tent with faith-lit eyes
One window opening into Paradise."

But although the preceding poetic effusion is descriptive of the happiness of some families, we hope of many, yet we hazard the assertion that there are no more prolific sources of misery in our fallen world, than are unhappy marriages. The coupling of the ox and the ass was prohibited by the Jewish Legislator: and modern experiments have proved that though they may be "paired," they cannot be "matched."

As an illustration of this theory, we will present the case of Judge Jones, a man who from his youthful days had been blessed with a good wife—a practical domestic woman, whose great end and aim consisted in making her husband's home happy. But late in life, he had the misfortune to lose her. She had been an occupant of her "narrow house"—but a few months, when a friend, observing certain nervous trepidations on the part of the Judge, when in the presence of ladies, suggested a substitute—one who was supposed to be peculiarly adapted to supply the place of wife to him, and mother to his numerous offspring. But this grave and dignified man replied, with a sneer: "What! Sally Smith, that old maid? Not I, indeed! *I'll* never marry an old maid!" So Sally Smith, who, despite her old-fashioned name, was conceded by all who knew her to be an estimable and admirable woman, was unhesitatingly discarded for Georgianna Isabella Frothingham, a blooming Miss, whom he frequently *happened* to meet on her way to school. In vain all the mammas and the aunties in the neighborhood rebelled in view of the prospect: in vain was it declared by those who knew her, that she was utterly incompetent to guide his house or train his children: in vain was it

asserted by those who claimed to know, that instead of repairing her worn stockings, she resorted to the more expeditious method of pulling them down at the heel: in vain some even ventured to predict, that if Biddy were missing, she would prove as verdant a housekeeper as did Madelena Muddelford, of whom it was gravely asserted, that she boiled her clothes and dinner together. Remonstrance was vain! The strong man was fascinated and conquered, by her youthful simperings. They were hurriedly pronounced man and wife. The next stirring event in their history, of which we have any information, was an application to the legislature for a divorce. They had discovered their uncongeniality. Yes, instead of a "cerulean blue and sea-girt isle," irradiated by the mel^l low beams of the "honey-moon," they found themselves in a land barren of all but stern realities, "unequally yoked," surrounded by a long dark night of bitterness—the lamp of love having gone out.

And permit us to ask in all candor: Is it not true that those who verbally inculcate the sensible theory that the mind is the standard of the woman, as well as of the man, too frequently ignore this sentiment, in their choice of a wife? Are those unobtrusive females, who, like Sally Smith, pursue "the noiseless tenor of their way," meekly waiting the disposal of

"That mighty power Who formed the mind,
Who one mould for every two designed,
And blessed the new-born pair;"

practically adopting that old-fashioned sentiment which Milton ascribes to our common mother:

“Conscious of worth that would be wooed,
And not unsought be won,”

the most courted? Are not, rather, those who obtrude themselves upon the notice of the other sex, those who, to use the language of the same bard,

“Dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye,”

the most successful husband-catchers? While external attractions are the most successful, they will be the most cultivated. And while daughters are trained, as they sometimes are, to regard marriage as the chief aim and end of life, and no disaster more to be dreaded than that of being doomed to a life of celibacy, what wonder if they render themselves ridiculous, or plunge into distress, as they sometimes do, that they may obtain what is so desirable on the one hand and avoid what they consider so disgraceful on the other?

We admit that it requires some, both moral and physical courage, to face a frowning and sneering world, while unprotected and alone. Yet a proper degree of courage, not obtrusiveness, is commendable even in woman, and should be cultivated. But while the opinions and practices of modern times continue to prevail,

“Hymen’s silken chain will still a plague of iron prove,”

unequal marriages will prove unhappy, and galling yokes, divorces, and suits for divorces, will continue to multiply.

We trust that the young ladies will pardon us, if, as we pass on, we drop a word of caution especially for them. You may not need instruction, but we would stir up your

young, and we trust we may add, your pure minds, by way of remembrance. Never be guilty of the inconsistency of denying that you intend or that you wish to marry, while you allow yourself to speak disparagingly of those who remain single, and beware of those young men who "waste their substance in riotous living." In other words, those who frequent saloons, indulge in late suppers, cigars, wine, fast horses, etc. We do not believe that young ladies are silly enough, as is sometimes affirmed of them, to look upon such habits as attractive because fashionable. Remember that the dividing line between these practices, and the more vulgar exhibitions of depravity, is invisible, and may be overstepped at any moment; and then their votary is met by the attractions of the gaming-table, where fortunes are shuffled about and disposed of at the will of the presiding demon; and where the light of reason is extinguished, and the immortal soul imperiled by strong drink.

Next to the class just referred to, avoid those things called dandies. These have been described in various ways, but are generally known, not only by the exquisite fit of their coats, and the graceful tip of their Golgothas, but more especially by an absence of ideas, these having run out on the surface in the form of hair. 'Tis only while contemplating one of these bipeds, that we have the slightest inclination to believe in the theory which teaches us that the human family originated from monkeys. But monkeys aside, and dandies aside; *we* never could conceive—probably we are *old maidish*—how a woman of refinement could give very decided demonstrations of

affection for a being whose "human face divine" is so nearly enveloped, as necessarily to give her a gentle hint that there may be more of the animal, than of the divine in his nature. "Every man shall kiss the lips of him that giveth a right answer," saith the wise proverb. How could this refer to those whose lips are buried in hair? The style of concealing the lips may be a mere matter of taste, however, especially if those lips taste of tobacco.

But to the young ladies we repeat, prefer to spend a life in single blessedness, rather than in double wretchedness with a profligate or a coxcomb, bearing in mind that it is better to be *unmated* than *mismatched*. However, probably most of you would prefer to be *Mrs.-mated*.

As for the gentlemen, they are the lords of creation, and have the right of choice. If they choose to marry, or choose to live single, they only avail themselves of their rights. What do they care that they are called cross, crabbed, crusty, dusty, musty, rusty, etc. They know that they are not neglected, and they verily believe in their hearts, that there is a plentiful supply of youthful fair ones in market ready to come at their beckoning.

Strange as it may seem, the old bachelor, too, has a sort of undefinable dread of her who has perhaps shared his childish pleasures, but who like himself has arrived at the meridian of life unmarried.

We have no intention of attempting to persuade bachelors that it is their duty to marry old maids; or that it would be for their interest to assume the responsibilities of wedlock at all. But we do wish it were in our power to convince them of the propriety of establishing, by

their combined efforts, an asylum for those women who are not only husbandless, but some of them fatherless and motherless, brotherless and sisterless, as well as moneyless, consequently friendless, and perhaps poorly qualified to fight the battle of subsistence. Many of you are, more or less, nearly allied by the affinity of flesh and blood with individuals of that class whose cause we are attempting to advocate.

Would not such an institution, built if you please in style similar to the many prominent, indisputable, and enduring evidences of good will from the more to the less fortunate of the human family, already adorning our metropolis, redound to their honor? Would not the recollection of having contributed to rear so noble a structure dedicated to so noble an object, shed a cheering influence over the life of the old bachelor, and console him, while perhaps, suffering from a heartfelt conviction of the truth of his Maker's affirmation, when He said, "It is not good for man to be alone?" Would not such a monument of the generosity of the brotherhood, prove to the world that they are not such selfish beings as is sometimes insinuated? Surely, Franklin would have compared such of the class as would enlist in so beneficent an enterprise to something better than "one-half of a pair of scissors, good for nothing but to scrape a trencher." And then with what feelings of gratitude would they be regarded by the inmates of such a house of mercy; for although the once raven or golden tresses of those inmates, may have been faded white by the many storms through which they have passed; though the windows

of their souls may have been dimmed by the accumulating mists of time, and the knotted lash of care left deep furrows on their brows; yet their hearts are neither old nor cold; and, doubtless, they would join with us in saying: blessed are all those gents who extend their sympathies to spouseless women; may their hearts be always warm, their pockets always full, and their beards flourishing. We have a "Home for aged indigent females," and a "Home for the friendless," in general; Heaven bless them; but we advocate an institution upon whose front shall be inscribed in glowing characters, which he who runs may read, and he who reads may understand; "Home for Maiden Ladies," which, like the Sailor's Home, shall be exclusively theirs for whom it is provided; and that it be sustained by those whose hearts and pockets are undisturbed by the importunities of a wife. In such a home, they would be safe from the shafts of unfeeling and vulgar men, the sneers of unthinking and silly women, and the cold neglect of an unsympathizing and heartless world.

Little did we anticipate while penning for a former edition the preceding suggestion, or wild conceit, as some may consider it, others may have pronounced it the vagary of disordered imagination, that we should so soon learn that our dream was about to become a realization. In the New York Evangelist, dated February 7th, 1861, we find the following encouraging information: "Miss Mary P. Townsend, who recently died at Boston, has bequeathed the sum of \$80,000, to found a home for indigent old maids of American parentage, etc." Probably that good lady

thought it useless to wait for the old bachelors ; but we hope they will be ready to make up the requisite sum.

It is the privilege of the bachelor to enjoy the comforts of life, untrammelled by a wife, and unmolested by children. When his day's work is done he may throw himself into an easy chair, place his feet on the mantle-piece if it suits his convenience, whose business is it ? inhale his comforting cigar, let its curling wreaths ascend till the atmosphere of his room is filled with its fragrance, and his head bathed in a delicious cloud, yes, and spit, too, to his heart's content, what a pity to spit it out ! He is not exposed to certain lectures on the expensiveness, injuriousness, or *filthiness* of the practice : he can take his ease, eat, drink and be merry. But let him remember, that He to whom he must give an account of stewardship, is the avenger of those husbandless women who put their trust in Him. O, that we might be the humble instrument of setting in motion a train of causes which would result in so desirable an effect as that which we have proposed : then we should not have lived in vain.

But as the moral improvement of that numerous, important, and interesting class, which we have the honor to represent, is one object of this appeal, we will now proceed to give the quotations which we promised at the commencement, from the writings of him who styles himself "A Friend to the sisterhood." Doubtless he is an abler champion, but he lacks that essential qualification which we possess, viz., *heartfelt* sympathy.

After alluding to the unfeeling and flippant jocularity

of the rustic or boor, our author remarks, "as I sincerely wish that maiden ladies may be less pestered;" a significant term which we think he must have borrowed from the Yankees, "with this offensive pleasantry, I shall observe that jests of this nature must proceed from a very unthinking head, or a very callous heart. We may, indeed, rally their foibles,"—why their foibles more than those of other people, he does not inform us—"but to sneer at one merely because she has a claim to this title, is a piece of cruelty as wanton and malicious as to laugh at the personal blemishes of a fellow-being, who has been deformed either by accident, or from his birth. There are those," he adds, "who, having met with some ridiculous old maids, are disposed to make the whole sisterhood a standing jest."

Our generous and sympathizing author might have asked, if the same principle were universally applied, what class or condition of the human family would escape similar treatment.

This writer, who is quite too diffuse to suit those who believe in dispatch, especially the Americans of this fast age, proceeds to enumerate the failings of the class, and expatiate upon those failings, by presenting personal illustrations of their effects. We will epitomize some of his remarks. All who are truly desirous of improvement, are willing to become acquainted with their faults. They can adopt the language of the Scottish bard:

"O wad some power the gift to gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Or, rather, the language of the Psalmist of Israel: "What I know not teach thou me; cleanse me from secret faults." With a mind open to conviction, then, let us proceed to contemplate our own "peculiar" failings. Should any, however, become restive under these delineations, regarding them as unreasonable, we would remind them that we have another side of the picture to present.

The first adduced in this category of their faults, is "the curiosity of old maids." Yes, old maids is the, not refined or respectful, term by which he continually designates them. We will take the liberty to substitute an appellation more agreeable "to ears polite."

"The human mind," this author remarks, "is naturally active; and when its faculties are not called into exercise by the necessary cares and elegant accomplishments of domestic life, is apt to perplex itself in idle pursuits and frivolous inquiries. The lady who has little or no business to regulate, and who has failed to cultivate a fondness for needle-work, drawing, music, or literature, is reduced to the necessity of sending her thoughts abroad, and at last is rendered by habit a kind of perpetual spy on the conduct of her neighbors. The curiosity of maiden ladies is proverbial, and as I consider it one of the foibles that contribute most largely to the debasement of their characters, I shall treat it with the severity it deserves. This raging solicitude for intelligence may be considered a kind of mental fever, which, when it has rooted itself in the mind, is the most difficult to eradicate. Of all the qualities which can debase or counteract the natural attractions of women, the foible of which I am

now speaking is the one which our sex is the most apt to avoid."

A cogent argument, truly, why we should avoid it.

"I have known," he says, "an amiable man to take as much pains to shun an inquisitive maiden lady as he would the bite of a rattle-snake."

Excessively curious people are certainly very disagreeable; nor should one be blamed for shunning them: yet we believe they are restricted to no condition, but prevail in that class whose minds are unsupplied with a more healthy aliment.) The Apostle directs those married ladies "who wish to know any thing" to "ask their husbands at home." But we might infer that those who have no husbands are under no restrictions as to place or person, yet it may be well for us to beware how we ask questions.

"I once knew a gentleman," he continues, "who was very much annoyed by the intense curiosity of his opposite neighbors, two maidenly gentlewomen. He resolved to make them a source of diversion. He framed a thousand little devices to try the extent of this propensity. Among other expedients, soon after midnight he muffled up his figure in some dark disguise, and sallying forth from a rear gate which opened into another street, proceeded to the front door of his own dwelling, and rapped with a very audible sound. As curiosity seldom sleeps soundly, the hope of a nocturnal discovery never failed to bring one or both to the window. They threw open the sash and thrust their sharp visages into the air."

We know many married ladies, and gentlemen as well, whose visages are decidedly sharp; whether indulgence

in curiosity or the cares incident to a married life have rendered them so, we cannot say.

“The more frequently these ladies caught a glimpse of the muffled figure, the more eager were they to know the name of the man and the nature of his business. Voltaire’s man in the iron mask never excited more restless wonder, or more extravagant surmises. Despite the remonstrances of his amiable wife, he continued to pursue his nocturnal gambols, until by repeated exposures to the damp air of night, these victims of his sport contracted a disease which prostrated them upon their beds, from which they never arose.”

We think all the actors in the scene just described, were to be pitied for their weakness; the man, as well as the maidens. We had been wont to suppose that curiosity was a trait peculiar to the daughters of “Brother Jonathan,” and not to those of “John Bull.” And as indulgence in curiosity usually leads to indulgence in gossip, we suppose the foregoing narrative is intended to teach us that women in a state of celibacy are addicted to that odious vice. But we understand St. Paul to have allusion to something akin to gossip when he instructs Timothy to “refuse profane and old” not maids, but “WIVES fables.” In the same epistle, he admonishes that young man to “refuse” another variety of women, whom he describes as “idlers, wandering from house to house, and not only idlers, but tattlers and busy bodies, speaking things which they ought not.” The graphic description is applied not to old maids, but to *young widows*.

“The credulity of maiden ladies” is the subject of the next chapter. “In the days of Addison,” he remarks, “a superstitious credulity was considered a prevailing trait of character among ancient females, as we learn from the Spectator.”

We suppose the expression “ancient females” alludes, of course, to those among them who are unmarried, as the term ancient is never applied to any other members of the human family, whatever their age may be. But single women at thirty, are often termed ancient. Consistency would suggest that they be treated with corresponding deference.

“But the credulous maiden of modern times,” continues this commentator of the sisterhood, “instead of seeing apparitions in the air, sees a lover in every man by whom she is civilly accosted, and instead of hearing death-watches, hears a hint if not an offer of marriage in every compliment that is casually addressed her.”

Those gentlemen whose hearts are impressed with a conviction of the truth of this theory, will, of course, be very chary of their suavity while addressing advanced maidens.

“I once knew,” he adds, “a lady of this description, who as often as my Lord Mayor’s day occurs, continues to plant herself in some conspicuous window of the city. As the festive procession advances, she is animated with the hope of wounding some of the gallant officers. She looks as if thoroughly convinced that the incessant fire of her eyes did prodigious execution upon the passing crowd. Yet if we except her intentions, she is as inno-

cent of manslaughter as the man in armor is innocent of blood."

Doubtless a woman who has no husband, is exceedingly liable to be suspected of shaping all her movements with a view to obtaining so desirable an article. And if conduct similar to that exhibited by the lady of whom we have just read, is ever resorted to by some unmarried females of the present day, and if a state of celibacy is such a calamity as the writer evidently supposed, then advanced maidens should be the last, and the least blamed for such manifestations. But we leave them to be compared by the candid, with young ladies and widows. However, it is obviously ungenerous and unjust to depreciate one on account of a condition, which that individual is supposed to have made every effort to avoid.

To illustrate still farther the evil of credulity, he gives us an example of its effects, in the character of "Flacilla, a lady who inherited a fortune late in life, and who had possessed from her childhood a romantic turn of mind. A nobleman with whom she was spending some months, had in his employ a clever enterprising son of Hibernia, whose shrewdness had been sharpened by the many vicissitudes through which he had passed. Patrick soon contracted a familiarity with the maid of Flacilla, who diverted him with ludicrous accounts of the whimsies of her mistress. The ingenious Hibernian, who had derived amusement from the foibles of the maid, was determined to build his fortune on the foibles of her lady. Having arrayed himself in a new suit of green he surprised the tender-hearted Flacilla while she was seated

in a romantic bower, whither she had repaired for the purpose of devouring the last novel without interruption. Patrick persuaded her that he was the son of an Irish peer in disguise, and that he had submitted to his present humiliation, solely that he might secure the delight of throwing himself at her feet. He succeeded in his design; they were clandestinely married. When that thrilling fact was revealed to her friends, the shrewd son of the Emerald Isle, was induced to relinquish his claim upon the wife, in lieu of which he accepted a claim upon a large portion of her estate."

Poor Flacilla, she was evidently one of those who lack the moral courage requisite to contentment in single life.

In the next chapter he discusses the "affectation of maiden ladies." Affectation," he remarks, "instead of obtaining the favor it solicits, has a tendency to render youth and beauty disgusting, what then must its effects be when those attractions have departed?" There are, he says, three kinds of affectation, which ladies are liable to assume. "An affectation of youth, of censorial importance, and of extreme sensibility. The first, if not the most ridiculous, is the most common."

Truly the writer need not wonder that a maiden lady should wish to retain her youthful appearance as long as possible, as her age, which, had she been married, would have elicited no remark, is not only adverted to by the young and frivolous, but is made the theme of grave discussion among strong-minded men and women. Aunt Abby, who by the way is favored with a whole community of nieces and nephews of various grades of character, may

serve as an illustration.. Mrs. A. expatiates on the alarming nature of her case by declaring "she is every inch of thirty-five." "Pshaw," says Mr. B., "I have known her this quarter of a century, and she looks as young now as when I first knew her"—remarkable woman truly. Mrs. C. concludes by averring with a very significant expression of face, that "she has passed the bounds of hope." Community do not seem to have adopted the sentiments of the old lady, who, when asked at what age the tender passion ceased, replied by saying that she supposed "it was like any other disease, while there was life there was hope."

We think it a pity that society should perplex itself with such "vexed questions." The easiest way, manifestly, would be, to let them pass on, as being of no particular age.

"The kind-hearted maiden," he proceeds, "who knows that age is the great obstacle to that tender connexion which is the just object of her desire, is tempted to hazard every expedient to conceal the advances of that inexorable power. But age is a jealous tyrant, and every effort of the faded virgin to proclaim herself free from its dominion, tends only to make herself the more manifestly its victim."

Our author assigns what he supposes to be the motive which induces unmarried women to resort to artifice for the preservation of beauty and a youthful appearance, but he does not tell us for what purpose young and married ladies, and even gentlemen, follow in the same wake. Maiden ladies are often derided for resorting to various

methods of enhancing their beauty, such as dyeing the hair, powdering the face, etc. But we never could discern any difference in the moral character of the act of whitening the face, or blackening the beard, unless that, as a lie, the former is white, and the latter black.

To prove that the sarcastic remarks referring to those females who are unmarried, and who have made their appearance in our world at an earlier period than some of their neighbors, is not of modern origin, we need only to quote still further from this antique volume :

"A wag of mine acquaintance," he says (if we mistake not, similar remarks have been made by those who would not like to be termed wags), " declares that he looks upon every maiden lady who arrays herself in gaily colored ornaments, as a vessel displaying signals of distress, but such is the cruelty of man, that he generally contemplates such distress without one particle of generous sympathy. The ensign on such occasions is hoisted in vain."

What discouraging assertions ! But permit us here to remark, if personal decorations are indeed signals of distress, how deep must be the distress of some married ladies, as well as that of, now and then, a sprig of the other sex.

To elucidate the evils of affectation, he cites the example of "Cosmelia, a woman of forty-seven, whose mind was enriched by long commerce with the best of ancient and modern writers, and her person still very handsome. But her knowledge and her beauty were rendered ineffectual by her anxiety for appearing young. She constantly ex-

amined the advertisements for a new lotion for the face, and has tried everything from the milk of roses to the Olympian dew."

Perhaps this critic of single women's habits, had forgotten the historical fact, that one of the wives of the Roman Emperor Nero, kept five hundred asses, that she might have plenty of milk in which to bathe, so anxious was she to preserve her beauty.

"On one occasion, when Cosmelia was sitting for her picture, she imagined she saw the horrid words "forty-seven" written in every line of her face. Her features exhibited more terror than did those lovely victims Anne Boleyn or Mary Stuart, when they mounted the block. The artist penetrated the foible, and gave the picture a youthful air. She gazed upon it with delight, until her features began to harmonize with the picture."

Doubtless a safe rule for us would be to give more attention to our characters than to our faces. A woman who has turned the sunny side of forty, and who hopes to attract the favorable regard of man by her personal charms, is to be pitied. If she have money, she may purchase it. Perhaps in some cases a small amount might suffice, for although it may be true that "every man has his price," yet we think there are those who might be "bought cheap."

There is another phase of affectation, however, which the author has omitted, but which candor compels us to acknowledge is exhibited by some unmarried women, viz: a claim on their part to having been frequently solicited in marriage; some of their offers, they assert, were of a

very tempting character, but which they did not deign to accept; they would not marry the best man living. Allow us to suggest that the world will not believe such assertions, and that a more judicious course would be to let community think as they please. If they conclude that by

“Cruel chance, or crossing fates,
Our anxious hearts have lost their mates
On Europe’s barbarous coast.”

or as the popular phrase is, we “never had a chance,” they cannot blame us. No, surely they ought not to blame us, who have so long mourned the absence of our lost mates—whose hearts have so often responded to the poet, when he exclaimed :

“Some courteous angel, tell me where,
What lengths of land this unknown fair
Or length of seas detain ;
Swift as the wheel of nature rolls,
I’d fly to meet and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain.”

Last, and worst, of this catalogue of evil characteristics attributed to maiden ladies, is “envy and ill nature,” concerning which the writer asserts it to be “a common proverb,” while he admits that it may be only a “vulgar prejudice,”—that they are “peculiarly exposed to these objectionable traits.”

Doubtless they are peculiarly exposed to them, and unless they possess an unusual amount of independence and self-control, may exhibit them.

After apologizing for these sins, he introduces us to the acquaintance of “Mrs. Winifred Wormwood.”

Verily, the ladies of England are highly favored : they have only to wait half of a century, when the honorable title of Mrs. is conferred on them, irrespective of marriage. He says of her, " With a refinement in malice, she first encouraged, then defeated those matrimonial projects, which the young and the beautiful " he might have added the unbeautiful, too, " are apt to entertain. She was one who could

' Bear welcome in her eye, her hand, her tongue,
Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.' "

A young lady whom he designates as " Amelia Melville," is made the object of her malevolence. The intriguing Mrs. W. forged a letter and addressed it to Amelia ; the letter purporting to be from one whom the innocent girl justly admired and loved, and she was of course delighted with so affectionate a demonstration from such a source. On one occasion, when Amelia's anticipations were at their height, the gentleman in whose name they were written being present, the malicious woman informed the unsuspecting girl of the counterfeit. We will not stop to detail the results of this thrilling revelation—you will find them in the next novel. Suffice it to say, that the interested gentleman eventually became acquainted with the whole intrigue, and was overjoyed to learn the state of Amelia's heart towards him ; and in due time he announced to Mrs. Wormwood his intended marriage with Amelia ; and the day which this treacherous woman

had anticipated as a day of triumph to herself, but derision to her guest, proved their bridal day. With regard to Mrs. Wormwood, we would remark, we are glad that this ugly old maid—*she* deserves no better name—did not live in our country, as we have a large share of wicked people belonging to the other classes. And we are happy to know that the woman whom the scripture represents as the type of female wickedness, was not an unmarried woman; but Jezebel was the wife of Ahab.

But we continue our quotations: "As rust consumes iron," says Antisthenes, "so does envy the envious person. There is no passion that more darkly disfigures woman's face divine. When it has been allowed to harbor in the lines of the face, no lotion in the world can restore its lost radiance. I therefore entreat," he continues, "every maiden lady who feels an envious emotion, to consider its hideous effects on her countenance, and that she will improve her features by cultivating good nature."

We hope to possess a sufficient amount of this desirable disposition to profit by the suggestions of the author. Heaven forbid that we should be envious. But then, when we see men of able heads, and noble hearts, who are united to silly women, those who, instead of appreciating them, are perhaps as "rottenness in their bones," how can we help but feel "it's too bad!"

After portraying the faults of the sisterhood, he adds: "The individual who involves the whole sex, or any class of females in one blind, undistinguished censure, is as absurd as he would be to pronounce the pine apple a bad

fruit because, having tasted the rind, it left a blister on his lips."

Our author having concluded his delineations of the follies and graver faults of those women who are accountable only to God for their conduct, now proceeds to discuss their virtues. He devotes a chapter to the elucidation of each of these commendable characteristics—"Ingenuity, Patience, and Charity," for the practice of which he thinks the class are eminent.

The intelligent and the candid in this enlightened age, need not be informed that there is not a more amiable or useful class of persons in community than are unmarried women. We have specimens all around us. Yet as the illustrations and personifications of their virtues, as given in this ancient book, do throw some light on the views and manners of English society as it existed about a century since, we will present the main features of these narratives.

In the chapter on ingenuity, he relates some peculiar incidents in the history of a young lady whom he calls "Theodora, the daughter of a physician. Her father's most striking trait of character consisted in a passion for the possession of the rare and the curious. At the age of nineteen, the daughter was addressed by a young man of the name of Blandford. Although happy at home, she admitted his visits, as he was a man of polished manners, settled in London as a banker, and supposed to be wealthy. The doctor had informed him that he intended to settle five thousand pounds on his daughter whenever her bridal day should occur. But during the

preliminary state of affairs, the doctor was suddenly summoned to attend the funeral of a friend of a similar disposition with himself, and who had accumulated a large collection of what these men regard as treasures of peculiar value. As these treasures were for sale, his desire for their possession was so strongly excited, that in a hasty moment he pledged the patrimony of his child, in return for a little box containing a vegetable poison, collected with extreme hazard of life, from the celebrated Upas tree in the Island of Java. A Dutch surgeon had received this inestimable treasure from the Sultan of Java himself, as a part of his reward for having preserved the life of a favorite beauty in the royal seraglio. Mr. Blandford happened to be one of those adventurous gentlemen who, as they tremble on the verge of bankruptcy, ingeniously disguise the shudderings of real fear under artful palpitations of pretended love, and endeavor to save themselves from falling down a tremendous precipice by hastily catching at the hand of the first wealthy maiden or widow whom they suppose within their reach. He was a great projector in the management of ready money, and had indulged in many splendid visions on the expected fortune of Miss Coral. But the little box of poison which the doctor had brought home converted the lady, in the eyes of Mr. Blandford, into a second Pandora; and as that gentleman had all the cunning of Prometheus, he resolved, like the cautious son of Japetus, to direct his attention to some other fair one, from whom he could obtain a dower.

“After the immediate effects of the disappointment

were over, while conversing of the recent occurrence, 'It is true,' said Theodora, 'that I began to feel a partial regard for Mr. Blandford; but his selfish manifestations has so totally altered my idea of his character, that I consider the circumstance which separated us as the most fortunate of my life.' "

Are there not many hearts that can respond to her's in this particular? Suffice it to say, that the subsequent life of Theodora was a very happy one. - She never suffered from *ennui*, as she kept herself constantly employed in works of ingenuity. The fine productions of her art enabled her to contribute not only to the happiness of her father, but that of all by whom she was surrounded, and thus fulfilling the great object of life, how could she be less than happy?

In descanting on the virtue of patience, this defender of single women expresses his opinion of the trials of an "indigent, advanced maiden" in the following language: "To support such a condition, with a cheerful magnanimity, appears to me one of the highest exertions of human fortitude. I have, therefore, always regarded my poor friend, Constantia, as a character of as much genuine heroism and piety, as was the celebrated St. Agnes, or any other of the most heroic female saints in the ample calendar of Rome. Constantia was the daughter of a merchant, who being left a widower with two little girls, bestowed on them a very fashionable education. At the age of twenty-one, the eldest received the addresses of a man of rank, to whom she became warmly attached. This gentleman informed the merchant of the interest

existing between himself and the young lady, but assured the father that it was impossible for him to marry unless he received with his bride a sum of money, which he specified. The merchant replied that it would not be in his power to comply with the proposition, without materially injuring his youngest daughter. The cautious suitor took a formal leave. The deserted girl approved the justice of the decision, but felt her own loss so severely that the house became a scene of general distress.

“The magnanimous Constantia gave her father no peace until he made over her portion of the estate to her sister. She asserted that whatever her future destiny might be, the delight of having secured the felicity of her sister, would be infinitely more valuable to her than any portion whatever. The father was at last induced to comply with the generous entreaty of his daughter. The lover was recalled ;” the lover of money, “his return restored the declining health of this mistaken young lady. Constantia, after sacrificing all her worldly goods to the happiness of her sister, was filled with more delight than the new-made bride, whose history was terminated by a brief but unhappy life.”

Constantia, like many other worthies of the highest order, was destined to become the buffeted victim of a hard fortune. The merchant, after struggling through several years of commercial perplexity, finally became a bankrupt. He was induced to place his daughter with an aunt of her's, Mrs. Braggard. She is described, though a widow lady, as one of those good women who,

by paying the most punctual visits to a cathedral, felt that she had acquired the right not only to speak aloud of her own virtues, but to make free with the conduct and character of others, both within and without the circle of her acquaintance. She had not injured her hale constitution by foolish excesses of love or sorrow. She was an advocate for an active life, and was herself extremely active, not only in her own affairs, but also in those of others. She considered the key of her store-room as the sceptre of her dominion; and not wishing to delegate her authority to any minister whatever, she was far from desiring the assistance of her niece in the management of her house. Yet she was glad to receive the unfortunate Constantia under her roof, for the sake of the pleasure she derived from informing every one who called at her house, how good a friend she had been to that poor girl."

Painful as such repetitions were to the sensitive mind of this young lady, there were other circumstances connected with her situation much more galling. "Mrs. B. had an utter contempt for music and literature, the darling solaces of Constantia. She seldom touched her harpsichord or a book, without hearing a prolix invective from her aunt against musical and learned ladies. The father of C., who was now dead, had in a moment of excitement uttered imprecations upon his daughter if she ever left the house of her aunt, so ignorant was he of her present sufferings, and so apprehensive of the 'cold charities of the world.' She therefore endured until 'endurance ceased to be a virtue.' Yes, she endured, as seeing

Him who is invisible, into whose hands she resigned her meek spirit, until He saw fit to take her to himself."

This distinguished author now gives us an embodied representation of the pre-eminent virtue of charity.

"And of charity in the most enlarged and perfect sense of the word, I had once the happiness," he says, "of knowing its image, in the person of an advanced maiden. Conscious that nothing which my fancy could suggest would afford my fair readers a more useful lesson, than can be presented them in the character of a departed sister, whom an easy portion and an unexampled benevolence rendered one of the happiest women in existence, I refer them to her."

What a concession! Is it not strange that a woman who was never married could be so happy?

"Charissa was the youngest child of a gentleman, who, though his name had a place in the will of a very opulent father, had in his early life suffered many hardships from the scantiness of his patrimony. His father was infected with that detestable family pride which induced him to leave his younger children in poverty, with the absurd project of aggrandizing an eldest son, thus keeping up the family name. He had discovered a genealogical table which enabled him to trace his progenitors to the reign of Edward the fourth." We wonder why he did not trace his blood relation back to the original "puddle."

"The father of Charissa, who had now become wealthy, was determined to divide his estate in equal portions among his children. The unmarried Charissa resided near her brother, who, as he had money with which to

purchase a title, was addressed as Squire Trackum. To him and his family she was ardently attached. The provident Squire, considering that a rich maiden aunt is an admirable prop to the younger branches of a very fruitful house, had early determined within himself, that his sister Charissa should pass her life in single blessedness; and by perpetually expressing the greatest solicitude for her marrying to advantage, confirmed her in her present position. In consequence of her affectionate reliance on her brother's assiduous counsel, she rejected the overtures of three gentlemen, who, though they were generally esteemed unexceptionable, the friendly zeal of the vigilant squire had discovered that they were utterly unworthy his excellent sister. As this coarse-minded man's ideas were of so low an order as to suppose that no maiden turned of forty could resist any matrimonial offer whatever, if left to herself, and as his sister had reached that decisive period, he was exceedingly anxious whenever she was from under his surveillance.

Charissa, however, having made her observations on the different conditions of female life, was perfectly convinced that she had abundant reasons to be satisfied in her own single state, and no incident that occurred could make her wish to change it."

She did not fail to respect her position, and herself in it, consequently she was respected by others. "This amiable lady lived many years a personification of the virtue of that charity which hopeth all things, believeth all things, and endureth all things."

As said lady is represented as occupying a very attractive

home, and all its surroundings in keeping, in the enjoyment of good health, and an abundance of material aid in her possession, we cannot perceive what she had to endure.

The writer, while enlarging on the happiness of the lovely Charissa, attributes that happiness to the benevolence of her heart, and the means of gratifying that benevolence. He admits, too, that the "indigent maiden" may derive similar happiness from the contribution of her mite to the maintenance of any good object. This is an encouraging truth, which many of the class know by a happy experience.

We have presented some fine specimens of single blessedness; blessedness in the true sense of the word, and worthy of our imitation. But although the author exhibits much candor, yet his mental vision was not free from the mists of prejudice. He could not view the subject in that clear light which led Miss Muloch, a living English writer, to pen the following sentiment: "A woman who is unhappy in single life, would be unhappy in a wedded state, with this difference, that instead of one unhappy person, there would be two." She might have added perhaps more, as one from two leaves three, two from two leaves four, etc.; she might have multiplied the unhappy subtractions indefinitely.

But in addition to the foregoing narratives, we would add one of our own, which although possessing no charm but that of brevity, affords a more striking illustration of the injustice with which unmarried women are sometimes treated.

Two young ladies, distinguished for beauty, mental and physical beauty, the eldest of the two was especially admired, had plighted their troth, not only verbally but heartily. The anticipations of the youngest were consummated in marriage. But those of her sister were forever frustrated, by one of those occurrences, the design of which, are understood only by Him who permits them. The day appointed as their wedding day, proved the burial day of him who was to lead her to the altar. In process of time, the first mentioned of these ladies was alluded to as the wife of the honorable Mr. A. and her society courted. The latter was spoken of as "A queer Old Maid," and were it not for a discriminating few, might have been

"Turned into hard, dead stone, at the Gorgon visage of neglect."

But ere we conclude this appeal permit us, as this is an age of progress, to suggest, that with the exception of those who take snuff, or retail scandal, the epithet "old maid" be exchanged for that of senior maiden, or antique vestal if you please, a term which we prefer as being more poetical and classical; though we think that a woman is a woman, albeit she was never married. But if by the vulgar designation is intended those who are cross, crabbed, fussy, fidgety, or peculiarly peculiar, then may it apply to as many among the married as among the single, and to those enveloped in coats and pants as well as to those in feminine garments. As to the term spinster, so often applied to them by writers, we think it more applicable to those who "spin" ridiculous stories respecting them.

And then the phrase "old girls" by which they are sometimes denoted, we suppose it was coined "out west," at the same mint with "mighty mean man," "all-fired cold weather," etc. : and we do maintain that if advanced maidens are denominated "old girls," aged bachelors should be considered nothing better than "old boys."

But no matter how the world designates the former. Time would fail us to enumerate those included in the class, who, to adopt the language of the Proverbial Philosopher, have distinguished themselves as

"The doers of illimitable good,
As the bright and constellated lamps of learning,
Or as the burning and shining lights of religion."

yet we cannot forbear to allude to that illustrious woman, Hannah More, who though she passed her life in the unmarried state, it was a life of double usefulness, and consequently might have been termed a life of double blessedness. And in our own day, Florence Nightingale, who turned away from the proffers of connubial bliss, that she might engage in the work of relieving distressed humanity. Let it be our high aim to imitate them, as they imitated the great model. And though the pert miss may sneeringly whisper "she is an old maid," not knowing but a worse doom awaits her; though the lords of creation stand aloof at our approach, and a suspicious world "eye us askance with leer malign," yet nothing moved, let us pursue a course of usefulness, and consequent cheerfulness and if at any time a sense of our solitude depresses us, neglected by the world, and why? let the world answer;

we may look to Him who has promised to set the solitary in families, yea that high and holy family, whose names are written in heaven, whose father is God, whose mother, brothers and sisters are those who fear Him, and keep His commandments, who live in a city that hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God, and occupy "a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

THE OLD MAID.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich fair fruit is ripened to the core.
Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think,
For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there,—
Yet life is not to her what it hath been,—
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss,—
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love—her Saviour on the Cross!
Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oft-times drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed,—

And then she dreams of love, and tries to fill
 With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—
 Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
 Never to find its lovely counterpart!

Our Present War :

WOMAN'S RELATION TO IT ;

OR

FEMALE WARRIORS AND PATRIOTS.

BY MRS. NEMO.

Thinkest thou there dwells no courage
But in breasts of steel, that set their mail
Against the ringing spear !
Thou little knowest of nature's marvels.—*Mrs. Hemans.*



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PREFACE

We offer this little volume to the reader with the conviction that we may be suspected of self-sufficiency. We are aware that the topic which now engrosses this nation, is being discussed by the master minds of our country. Yet a desire to participate, though in a small degree and humble capacity, in the good work of giving "aid and comfort" to those who expose their lives in defence of our country, and the fact, that we are destitute of a brother whom we could equip for the war, and exhort to return "either with his shield or on it;" and, alas; how shall we write it? or husband to whom we could bid the long adieu, and thus share the manifest *pleasure* of certain wives; and worse still, that "silver and gold we have none," has induced us to resort to this method of obtaining a little "change."

Besides we have occasion to know, that comparatively few of the daughters of this republic are sufficiently familiar with its history, to refer to those samples of

patriotic devotion to its interests, exemplified by the females of the past, and now so opportune as incentives to do likewise. The hope the sale of this treatise, so cheap as to be within the reach of all, and so brief that the most assiduous Marthas of our land, may read it "clean through," may awaken in the minds of those of our sex, whose historical reading, necessarily or otherwise, has been very limited, an increased interest in our country's welfare, and enable us to contribute not a widow's, but a "single woman's" mite, towards that cause which enlists the sympathies of every lover of freedom, are our reasons for giving publicity.

MRS. NEMO.

OUR PRESENT WAR.

An American poet introduces to us the Goddess of Liberty, as

“Tired of the petty strife of kings and lords,
Of blood-stained glory won by venal swords,”

and like Noah's dove, finding no place for the soles of her feet: she therefore plumed her wings, and hied her hither to this new world. And here amid these forests primeval, after many conflicts severe and bitter, not only with the well nigh merciless children of these forests, but with that oppressive spirit which banished her from the old world, and followed in her wake, still determined to rule, she established her supremacy; a supremacy which she has enjoyed in almost undisturbed repose, for more than four score years. But alas! the demon of oppression after threatening, and growling, and occasionally showing his horrid head, has finally

“Stalked forth, unmasked from his infernal den,
With madly burning torch in his right hand,”

bidding defiance to the goddess, and resolved to wrest from her grasp the banner of equal rights. But her true children are determined to sustain her at all hazards. God grant them success.

Yes, that Being who led the pilgrim band,

“Across the stormy sea,

Who stayed the tyrant’s hand,

And set our country free,”

and who is now lifting His rod over the descendants of that pilgrim band, “speed the right.”

We who are living in this crisis of our country’s history, had heard of wars, and rumors of wars; our fathers and grandfathers had depicted from personal experience, the horrors resulting therefrom. We have listened as to a thrice told tale, a tale which not particularly interested us, and the occasion of which we regarded as an off-shoot of an age of darkness, an expression of the most barbarous state of society, which could never affect us. We should as soon have expected a personal visit from the fabled god, as to have seen our land subjected to his rule.

So vague were our conceptions of war, that we treated the subject much as too many of us do the day of our death; as a remote uncertainty, or as a conception of fancy. But now, that our political horizon is hung with clouds, huge and sable, still gathering bulk, blackness and force: when two armies of fearful magnitude, each resolved “to conquer or die,” are looking each other in the face, while brandishing their weapons of death, brother meeting brother, and clashing steel against steel, and gore with gore commingled, and mangled bodies on mangled bodies falling, soul after soul dislodged from its battered house: when we hear

“A long, low murmur, a dread sound,

As when a nation bleeds, with some immedicable wound:

when, in the language of Schiller,

“ Heavy and solemn, a cloudy column,
O'er the green plain, they marching came,
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game :
When many a man to the earth is sent,
And many a gap by the bullet is rent ;
When dead men lie bathed in their weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the sleeping flood,
And the feet as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble on the corpses that sleep below.”

we may safely aver that no heart which beats beneath the protective flag of these United States, can be indifferent. Surely no one claiming to be a woman, can look on without a prayer expressed, or unexpressed, that a power more than human, may bid this war to cease, by an honorable adjustment of existing difficulties. He who bade the children of Israel go forward when they were met by barriers insuperable to any ability less than omnipotent, with infinite ease may dispose every insurgent quietly to submit to the powers that be. But if the foreboded storm is destined to spend its fury on our devoted land, then will there be needed on the part of its inhabitants, all those elements of moral greatness which have been developed by the numerous struggles between liberty and tyranny, that have occurred on this footstool, from that first triumph of might over right in the case of Cain, who to make sure of his own supremacy, slew his brother, to the murder of the late gallant and heroic Ellsworth, by one who preferred the flag of usurpation and oppression, to that of equal rights and protection ; from Abraham

the father of the faithful, who armed his three hundred and eighteen trained servants, that he might rescue his brother from the grasp of the foe, to Abraham Lincoln, who we trust will prove to be the guardian of his brethren, in this hour of their imminent peril.

Trials test the character, as does fire the metal submitted to its agency. Were it not for those moral furnaces, the characters which now mark the page of history as outstanding impersonations of the higher virtues, would not have been transmitted to us. Aristides, distinguished for justice, might not have been thus distinguished, or Cato for firmness, Brutus for integrity, Pericles for vigor, or Cicero and Demosthenes, for inspiring eloquence. Aristotle, Lycurgus, Solon, Bacon, Sydney, Locke and Newton, each for their peculiar wisdom. Augustine, Xavius, Fenelon, Milton, Howard, Chateaubriand or Lafayette for patriotism. Nor would those stars of our own hemisphere, Washington, Franklin, Henry, Adams, and Jefferson, shone so brightly. Washington might not have been known beyond his immediate circle ; certainly not as the Father of his Country. And all the thunder of those gallant sons of Mars who fought under his banner, would have been unheard by the world. Warren, that early martyr to liberty, Allen or Clinton, Gage or Greene, Hamilton or Herkimer, the Lees or Lincoln, Montgomery or Marion, who dined on roast potatoes, the heroic Putnam, Sumpter or Schuyler, Stark or Steuben, Wooster, Wayne, or the intrepid Wadsworth, and their coadjutors, might have lived and died in inglorious ease. The loftiest and sturdiest trees of the forest were not

reared in hot beds, but amid storms and tempests: so human character often attains its greatest elevation when surrounded by the greatest difficulties.

We as a nation are now being tested with regard to our loyalty. Much patriotism has already been manifested by both sexes. Bravery and courage, the fruit of self-denial, by the men, and industry by the women of our land: comparatively little self-denial, aside from that involved in the yielding up of those whose presence seemed essential to happiness, being as yet required of the latter. But if this most horrible of all wars, a war between the members of a once great and hitherto happy family, continues its ravages, it behooves not only the men, but also the women of our country to pause, and reflect, while they submit the following inquiries.

How far or in what way have we conduced to bring our nation to its present calamitous condition? What may we do tending to its termination? as well as, How shall we alleviate its woes? The last of these interrogations is being answered by the women of the north, in language more emphatic than words. We are convinced that the majority of our female population have hitherto needed no additional incitements to induce them to engage in active patriotism, substantial tokens of their sympathy for the suffering soldiers being continually evinced. Yet startling events seem to indicate the approach of a time which may try their souls in a way to develop not only their benevolence and industry, but to test their mental fortitude, physical endurance, courage, and spirit of self-sacrifice, perhaps exhibited to a degree

similar to which the women of the Revolution manifested these traits, a degree which seems almost incredible to us.

But whatever may be our future history, it would doubtless be wise for our sex to cultivate those characteristics which may serve the soul as weapons of defence, in all hours of trial.

Perhaps a rehearsal of some of the noble deeds of those noble women who once graced our earth, and who though they have passed away, have left their footprints behind them, may prove conducive to the cultivation on our part of the same graces of character, may enkindle in each of us a desire to emulate their virtues, as the present crisis may demand. Would that we could,

“ With high-souled resolve, each breast inspire,
And, if need be, even the timid stir with martial fire,
Until oppression's power shall falter, tyrants fail,
And bright eyed peace, and heaven born right prevail.”

From her who was distinguished not only as the mother of all living, but O, sad distinction, the being who brought death into the world, and all our woe ; to her who in our present conflict conveys “ aid and comfort ” to the enemy in pockets concealed by crinoline, openly or covertly, consciously or unconsciously, woman has continually imparted an influence, tending either to the elevation or degradation of humanity.

If through woman's influence paradise was lost, through her influence that paradise may be more than regained. And if Homer was truthful, when he sang of Helen the daughter of Priam,

“ No wonder such celestial charms,
For nine long years has set the world in arms,”

it is also true that one of the most important treaties of peace, arranged in Europe, that of Cambray in 1529, was effected by two women, Margaret the aunt of Charles V, and Louisa the mother of Francis I. Woman's ambition defended the Thermopylæ at Salamis, and woman's influence enabled Columbus to discover this new world.

Curse the women, says Napoleon, they can destroy in one day, that which the combined wisdom of a conclave of statesmen have been a whole year in concocting. "I believe," says Washington, the Howes, alluding to two commanders in the British army, "have no wives, or they would have taken Philadelphia ere this." Each of those far famed statesmen gave testimony to the power of woman's influence; and it is consoling to know that although the former cursed them, the latter gave them his blessing.

The assertion of Ledyard, the celebrated American traveler, is not questioned, when he says, women in all countries are civil, obliging and humane. In wandering over the barren plains of Denmark, through hives Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, cold, wet or sick, the women have been friendly to me, and universally so. Mungo Park, whose travels in Africa subjected him to so much suffering, bears similar testimony to woman's benevolence.

Another gives us his views of women in the following language: I consider a woman, he remarks, as a beautiful and romantic animal, adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks, to whom the sea

gives its shells, the rock its gems, the lynx, the ostrich, the peacock, the swan, and the silkworm administer.

The foregoing descriptions of women are diverse in character. We will remind our readers of a class who though ready to manifest sympathy on all proper occasions, and perhaps too ready to consult display, when having little else to do ; yet when circumstances require, give proof of muscular energy, and unflinching bravery.

The story of earth's conflicts, rehearses the martial prowess of many of her valiant daughters.

With our habits, and tastes, it is difficult to conceive that a battle-field should possess attractions to the eye or heart of woman, and we do not wonder that Mrs. Hemans, while contemplating her sex amid scenes of human slaughter, should have tuned her harp to utterances like the following :

“Some for the stormy play, and joy of strife,
And some to fling away a weary life,
But thou, pale sleeper, thou with the slight form,
And the rich locks whose glow death cannot turn,
Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led, thus through the stormy hour
To lift thy head.
Only the true, the lover whose trust,
Woman's deep soul, too oft pours in the dust,
Has led thee, to be where brave men die, unshrinking
seen.”

Yet it is true, that the “stormy play, and joy of strife,” has led women to mingle among the furies and fiends of civil discord. Not as examples for imitation, excepting extreme emergencies—but as proofs of the facility with

which women have adapted their habits to the exigency of the times, whether impelled by ambition, noble or ignoble, or by dire necessity; whether in defence of self or friends, we present a few cases in which women have resorted to arms. In that most ancient of all records, the record of inspiration, we find the names of a few females who have immortalized their memories by their successful efforts in behalf of their country, some by signal victories on the battle-field. Deborah led the conquering armies of Israel, and with the aid of Barak, her general, put to flight Sisera, a powerful enemy of her people, who with the hosts of Jabin and nine hundred chariots of iron had for twenty years mightily oppressed them. While to another woman, Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite, was reserved the honor of terminating the career of the invader, by nailing him to the earth through his temples. Many years later in the history of this people, Abimelech usurped the throne, and while besieging the city of Thebes, among the inhabitants who fled to a still remaining tower, was a certain brave woman, who cast a piece of millstone at the usurper with intent to break his skull; and she did break it, or at least crack it, as he barely had time to say to his armor-bearer, "Draw thy sword and slay me, that men say not of me, A woman slew him." How significant! In the days of King David, when Joab besieged Abel of Bethmachah, for the purpose of obtaining Sheba the son of Bichri, a woman designated as wise, an unusual epithet to apply to woman—by her assiduity, procured the decapitation of this fugitive from justice, this vile secessionist, and threw his head over the wall;

thus appeasing the wrath of General Joab and saving the city of her residence.

And among the ancient Jewish women were those who aided the right side of national affairs, by means more in accordance with feminine proclivities as usually developed. With integrity of purpose, one of them concealed two individuals from their enemies, because she recognized them as divinely commissioned, by directing them to the house top and covering them with flax. Another woman hid two loyal men in a well, and woman-like placed a covering "over the well's mouth, and spreading ground corn thereon, the thing was not known."

The readers of profane history, need not be told that many women have not only donned the panoply of war, but the courage to face the foe, and to engage in a struggle for the life of that foe.

Omitting those of the sex, we will not call them women, who like Athalia and Jezebel, hesitate not to take the lives of those who may stand in the way of their wicked ambition, we refer to a few of the more distinguished female warriors and patriots.

Semiramis, that powerful ancient queen, was not only the builder of Babylon, but with an army of 300,000 men, the invader of India and the conqueror of Ethiopia. Boadicea, the queen of Britain, when attacked by the Romans, defeated an army of 70,000 of their men. Zenobia of Palmyra commanded an army of 700,000 men. She was very popular with her soldiers, as she traveled on foot with them, and partook of their hard fare; yet she was finally defeated by the Emperor Aurelius.

Catherine the Great of Russia, distinguished herself in her wars against the Turks. Judith, a wealthy Jewish widow, decapitated that proud Assyrian, Holfernes, and hung his head over the gate of the city of Bethulia, that those whom he persecuted might behold this trophy of a brave woman. It is stated of Ayesha, a widow of Mahomet, that such was her bravery in war, that she did not leave her position until seventy men were killed or wounded, while holding the bridle of her camel, and herself pierced with darts and javelins. Artemesia attended Xerxes the Great in an expedition against the Greeks, and performed wonders at the battle of Salamis. Artemesia the 2d, took the command against Fulvia of Rhodes, who was said to be a match even for Thordenta. Zamyris queen of the Scythians, gained a victory over Cyrus the Great. Olympus, the mother of Alexander the Great, was a martial woman. Penthesylia, who was killed at the siege of Troy, is said to have invented that terrible instrument of death the battle-axe. Elfrida, the daughter of Alfred the Great, took up arms against the Danes and Welsh. Bonna, a Venitian princess, stormed the castle in which her husband was confined and liberated him. Jagiella took part in several of the battles of Poland. Anna Theroigne, at the head of an army, took possession of the Bastille despite its defenders. Margaret, the wife of Louis IX, of France, led the troops in a battle of the Crusades. Margaret the wife of Henry VI, in the battles between the houses of York and Lancaster, took so active a part, that the appellation *stormy* was given her. The queen of Charles I, of England, accompanied her hus-

band in his martial expeditions. Jane of Flanders in her wars with Charles de Blois, took him and his wife prisoners. Blanche de Rossi acted as aid-de-camp to her husband. Lady Arundel defended Wardlaw castle for nine days. Marina, the daughter of a Polish nobleman, invaded Russia and expelled from thence the Tartars and Cossacks. Barbara, or the Lady of St. Belmont, wielded her sword as well as her pen during the thirty years war of Germany. That remarkable female warrior, Joan d' Arc, who although but an obscure woman, was evidently raised up by Providence as the deliverer of her country, achieved such victories that her name is still in France a household word. While Augustina the Maid of Saragossa, who mounted the breach and seized a lighted match from the hand of the gunner, fired the piece of artillery which he had failed to do, crying "Death or victory," seems to have been a similar character.

Phillippa, queen of Edward III of England, raised an army of twelve thousand men, and slew fifteen or twenty thousand of the enemy, and took prisoners many distinguished men, among whom were Lord Douglas, David Bruce, together with Scotia's king, all of whom she furnished with lodgings in the London Tower. She carried the intelligence of her victory to her husband, who was engaged in the siege of Calais, where she received the unanimous applause of the soldiers for her more than womanly devotion. But the brightest traits of her character were displayed on another occasion by this truly great woman. Her greatness of soul was most conspicuous when kneeling before the king she entreated him to spare the lives of her enemies the Burgesses.

Plato inculcated the importance of training women to military exercises, in the same way in which men were trained, and the mothers of Sparta were subject to similar discipline.

But as those brave women, whom we have been contemplating, belonged to the olden time and the olden world, we will now refer to a few of those not less brave in whom we of this age and nation, feel a personal interest.

In the early history of our country, opportunities for the development of those characteristics, so signally manifested by them, were of frequent occurrence. Their neighbors for the most part consisting of those ferocious marauders, whom they found with the wild beasts, as occupants of the wilderness, and whose repeated attacks on their domestic arrangements, as well as on themselves and families, rendered the lives of those pioneers a series of distresses, but proved the valor of woman and her willingness not only to be, but "to do and to suffer," as circumstances required. The society of those *first* American families, was blessed not only with those of stout hearts and able hands, but by the refined, tender and sympathetic, like Lady Arabella Johnson, who endeavored by various means to alleviate the trials and sufferings of her sex, incident to a life in the wilderness. Doubtless many of those females, connected with the early history of these states, who lived and died unknown beyond their immediate neighborhood, performed deeds as brilliant, as any of those recorded by the pen of the historian. We intend to refer to a few of those who prepared a way in the wilderness for their successors. We

would fain recall all those most deserving of grateful remembrance; but must be content with a notice of some of the more signal instances of the triumph of mind over fear, or physical inconvenience, and of self sacrifice for the public weal, exhibited by the women of our country during the state of unrest, which preceded the Revolution, as well as when that struggle for freedom was the all absorbing object of long and weary years.

Those who now occupy palatial homes, know little of the sufferings of their ancestral mothers, occupants of rude cabins,

“With windows all unglaz’d,
And roof of bark, through which the rain drops trickled,
And the storm look’d down upon the sleeper.”

Thus lived the indulgent but self-possessed Mrs. Davis, whose fireside was invaded by one of those hostile neighbors; she was so exceedingly kind, that she gave him copious potations of that, which he loved best of all the good creatures of the world, the most delightful whiskey, which brought him entirely over to her disposal. Mrs. Sharp saved her children from the clutches of those savages by a stratagem, which although exposing her own life, was successful. Mrs. Whipple of Kentucky saved her home from destruction when surrounded by nine of those merciless wild men by decoying them in another direction. Mrs. Washburn boldly adventured through an Indian village for patriotic purposes, because the men of the party had not the requisite intrepidity. Mrs. Merrill guarded her door, axe in hand, while attacked by a bevy of those invaders, and when they attempted to pay her a visit through the chimney this shrewd woman

emptied the contents of a feather bed on the fire. Mrs. Pursley of Chicago, finding that the men would not stir, as says the historian, seized a rifle, declaring that "so fine a fellow should not be lost,"—alluding to one who had placed his life in jeopardy while defending the party of which she was a member, mounted her horse and rode for the rescue: the men feeling it to be a disgrace to be "outdone by a woman," soon followed her in full gallop. The undertaking was of course successful. Lucy Langston forded a river at her imminent peril, that she might apprise the whites of their danger, from an intended attack of their savage foes. The wife and daughters of Daniel Boone, by their heroic conduct towards those ruthless children of the forest, who with scalping knife and tomahawk, and hideous grimace, and frightful aspect, were for a long time their only fellow citizens, proved worthy their distinguished relative. Many of those stern women were taken prisoners and endured almost incredible tortures, either personally or through their children. Mrs. Dustin the wife of a missionary, with the aid of another female who shared her fate, despatched ten or twelve of their brutal captors, while the latter were locked in the embrace of the somnolent god.

By the way how would the Adas and Idas, the Coras and Doras, the Kittys, Pusseys and Lillys of modern times, compare with such doughty dames as Massey Herbeson, Ruhamo Builderback, Experience Boszarth, and the widow Scraggs, etc. Those whose chief aim is to look pretty, with those who prided themselves on their useful and great achievements. Would they préparé the

ground and sow the seed, that bread might be secured, while their brothers are breasting the storm of bullets and bombshells, as did those representative women of America's infant history? Perhaps we may see—heaven save us from the sight! But let us pray that the patriotism of our women may be so impregnated with piety as to prepare them to serve in any capacity required, that army which bears aloft the flag of freedom, remembering that “resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.”

We who are enjoying the fruits of that age of toil and privation are exceedingly liable to forget, by whom and how dearly they were purchased, the suffering of the first settlers being equaled only by their bravery. This was true not only of the men, but likewise of the women of those days. Let us refresh our memories by a citation of some of those deeds of martial courage, and of devotion to liberty, manifested by the women of the Revolution.

As Anne Hutchinson was the representative of a class, we will not omit her mention, though we do not admire her character. She not only followed her husband to the war, but attempted to usurp authority over him and his comrades. As she was a married woman, we can attribute the asperity which rendered her so unpopular, only to the fact that an attack of small-pox, which had destroyed her personal beauty.

A better illustration of those courageous women, was Martha Britton, who blew up a quantity of gunpowder to save it from the hands of the red-coats, and refused, though threatened with the loss of her life, to reveal the hiding place of her husband. Elizabeth and Grace Martin, manifested great intrepidity in seizing the dis-

patches designed for the benefit of the tories. Lydia Darrow of Philadelphia, at the hazard of an arrest by the enemy, carried intelligence to the colonists of an intended attack by the British. Mary Nixon, during the dark hours, drove a party of horse laden with good things to the camp; thus conveying "aid and comfort" to her friends. Mrs. Martin of N. J., cheerfully gave her seven sons to the defence of her country, and expressed a willingness to give herself, should she be needed. Mrs. Sherrill of N. H., bravely defended the harbor at Portsmouth from the entrance of those who burned to be the rulers of the land. Mary Hagidon held a horse at the pickets, in defence of the fort at Schoharie. Emily Geiger hazarded her life, that she might convey a message from Gen. Greene to Gen. Sumpter; and succeeded in the adventure. A young lady, who was designated by the British as the black-eyed rebel, performed valuable service for the colonists. Sarah Buchanan of Tenn., was so anxious to aid the cause of freedom, that she melted her plates and spoons and moulded them into bullets. Mrs. B. must have belonged to the aristocracy, or she would not have had eating utensils of pewter. Mrs. Mott of S. C., set fire to her own mansion, lest the enemy should get possession of it. Mrs. M'Call of the same state, whose women were once noted for patriotism, but are now infamous for treason, traveled one hundred miles on horseback, and encountered many difficulties, while searching for her husband, who had been taken captive by the British. Her perseverance finally effected his release. The wife of a gunner, who fell dead at the

battle of Monmouth, immediately took her husband's place. As a reward for her services Gen. Washington made her lieutenant. Truly, the General must have been a "woman's rights man." Mrs. Steele shared the contents of her very limited purse with Gen. Greene in his destitution. Another woman, whose name we would be glad to learn, placed her person in immediate danger, while procuring ammunition for the soldiers. She was afterwards missing; the alarm occasioned by her absence, led to a thorough search; when discovered she occupied a retired nook in the attitude of prayer. Such a woman could afford to be brave. On one occasion, when those poor soldiers were in want of cartridges, one of those self-denying dames, slipped off her petticoat and laid it on the altar of gunpowder and liberty.

Those few whom we have named, seem to have belonged to a class who were not afraid to step outside the limits of what is generally regarded as woman's sphere, when there seemed a prospect of achieving some good object, though at the expense of being thought masculine or unwomanly. But there were many others in those days of trial, who manifested in a high degree their love of country and of liberty, by means more in harmony with general female character.

Much historic eulogy has been bestowed on some of the females of Greece and Rome, on account of their patriotism. The mothers of Sparta have been especially lauded for their sacrifices to loyalty. But many of the American matrons and their daughters would not lose their lustre by comparison with those so renowned. The

mother and wife of Washington, the wives of Adams, of Hancock, of Greene and Schuyler, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Bache the daughter of Franklin, Mrs. Warren the daughter of James Otis, a distinguished patriot, were all bright examples to the present daughters of America. Mrs. Warren was born at Plymouth, and rocked in that cradle of liberty, proved herself worthy such a birthplace, as she possessed not only the indomitable spirit of the first settlers, but the wisdom requisite to aid in guiding the "ship of state" through the thick darkness, and furious storms in which it was then enveloped. She was consulted by those eminent statesmen, Samuel and John Adams, and Jefferson, with reference to the affairs of government.

And many others there were, whose willingness to forego ease and comfort, and patience of endurance under privations and hardships of various kinds, would not have been surpassed by Cornelia, Lucretia, Virgilia, Volumnia, or the wives of Tarquin, or Augustus Cæsar.

In proof of the essential character of the aid rendered by the women of the revolution, we will cite the historian of those stirring events, though in language somewhat modified, and abbreviated. "The men of those days realized that it was the home sentiment that sustained them. The unfading laurels that wreathed their brows, had their root in the maternal heart. Patriotic mothers nursed the infancy of freedom, encouraging the faithful, and frowning on the opposite, while some of the young ladies pledged themselves to receive the attentions of no young man who did not obey his country's call. They not only embroidered colors and presented them, with a charge

never to desert them, but stripped off their jewels, and gave of their property as necessity demanded, and went from house to house to solicit aid for the army. They renounced tea and other imported luxuries. Three hundred ladies in Boston pledged themselves to drink no tea while the war lasted. When the resources of the colonists scarcely afforded the scantiest supply of clothing, and the British cruisers on the coast destroyed all hope of aid from merchant vessels, they were relieved by the women. Their sentiments toward the brave defenders of our land, were published, widely circulated, and read in the churches of Virginia. Shall we hesitate to deny ourselves luxuries? asked those noble women. Shall we hesitate to dress more simple, to wear clothing of our own manufacture, while as the price of these small privations we enjoy your benedictions?" "I have retrenched every luxury from my table, I have not tasted tea since last Christmas, nor bought a new gown, or cap, since your defeat. I have learned to knit stockings, our ladies have sacrificed parties of pleasure, and finery of all sorts," says one of them, addressing an officer. The wife of Washington devoted her time to knitting and spinning. She says in one of her letters, "I have sixteen spinning wheels in my house."

Many were the days of darkness experienced by the army of the Revolution, when anticipation seemed but the day-dream of fools. None but those convinced of the righteousness of their cause, and trusting in an Almighty Deliverer, would have survived such calamities. After their defeat by Braddock, and during their winter at

Valley Forge, and the depredations of Clinton, Washington might have said of his army, not only as Cyrus said of his, "hunger and thirst are the only sauce for their food," but that their hunger could scarcely be appeased. So distressed were the troops, that their cup of misfortune seemed full to overflowing. In this extremity the women came to the rescue, by inspiring their hearts with new courage, soothing their troubled spirits with kind words not merely, but resorting to every means in their power, to mitigate their physical sufferings. They visited the hospitals and sought the dungeons of the Provost and the prison ships, and carried provisions from their stores to the captives, whose only means of recompense were the blessings of those who were ready to perish. The burial of friends who were slain in battle often devolved on the women. Even their enemies would not have received the rites of sepulture without the services of their hands. The devotion of the fair daughters of America, says one, acted like a charm on the hearts of the soldiers, giving them new vigor, and inspiring them with confidence. Gen. Washington in his letter of acknowledgment, to the committee of ladies, remarks: "The army ought not to regret its sacrifices and sufferings, when they meet with so flattering a reward in the sympathy of your sex; nor can they fear its interests will be neglected, while espoused by friends as powerful as they are amiable." An officer in camp, writes June 1780: "The patriotism of the women of the city is the hope of the army." Burgoyne, who on his first coming to this country, boasted that he would dance with the ladies and

coax the men into submission, must have gained a better understanding of the people.

Having called to remembrance some of the inspiring examples, to whom their descendants of the present day may look, we now venture the affirmation, that no nation connected with the past or present history of the dwellers on this footstool, ever experienced a crisis so fraught with trials, and with such immense interests, depending on the manner in which those trials are met, as that which now engrosses our government. Truly, now is the time, and our country the field, where are needed the combined wisdom and virtue of those great men and women to whom we have referred.

We do not intend to discuss the cause or cure of our country's present ills. The men great and small of the nation, and women too, are attentively considering the merits and demerits of a certain institution, designated as peculiar, by those among whom it is fostered. It is being viewed on all sides, and from every stand point. The subject may be laid under the table, but it is taken up again, and examined more narrowly. It has been excused and justified—pretentiously—condemned and called all sorts of names; none of which are too significant. But not until now had its most zealous friends become its most effective destroyers, a fact which we think may be interpreted as the voice of Jehovah saying, "Thy doom is sealed." But is there not danger that while investigating our neighbor's sins, we may overlook our own? "The curse causeless doth not come," saith the wise man.

We cry aloud against southern oppression, and well we may, but is not the same spirit sometimes cherished at the north, whether exercised towards those belonging to the African, Aboriginal, Mongolian, Malay or Caucasian races. Without offering the slightest apology for a system upon whose front is inscribed in unmistakable characters the name of its father, it is useless to deny that oppression in various forms is daily indulged in by some who declaim most bitterly against the slaveholder.

While nothing is more evident, than that the worship of the golden calf is almost universal, a few disclosures of the political corruptions, prevalent either through intrigue or bribery, are enough to make one stand aghast, and exclaim, How long shall He whose throne is based on justice, forbear to strike? If we are confident that the agents of his satanic majesty may not invade our Capital, it is not because her sins have not cried aloud for vengeance. Not only

“ When night hath dark’d the streets,
Then wander forth the sons of Belial,
Flown with insolence and wine.”

but murder during the broad light of day, is unhesitatingly committed by a man of fashion, and the murderer is not only acquitted, but petted, and pandered, and lionized. Bah : who would

“ Pour light on Pluto’s dire abodes,

Abhorred by ‘decent’ men and dreadful even to ‘fabled’ gods.”

Then the disgraceful use of intoxicating liquors in the army : shame ! shame ! officers in the boasted army of the north, allowing their epaulettes and dignity to be laid

in the gutter by drunkenness; boasting of their ability to conquer rebels, while they are themselves conquered by the vilest of demons.

And while looking at these facts, who can wonder that the old ladies should sometimes become "worrisome," and express a desire to sit at the helm, lest their greatest earthly comfort, a "cup of tea," should finally by taxation prove too expensive an indulgence; while those drinks which transform men into brutes, are within the reach of those occupying the very lowest round of the ladder of fortune. Verily, a government which desires the welfare of the governed, will not hesitate at such a time as this, to impose so heavy a taxation on those unnecessary evils as entirely to preclude their use, from those who are ready to "sell their birthright," not for a "mess of pottage," but for a "mess" of liquid death. What a revenue of corporeal and intellectual power would such an arrangement secure to the Union.

But the darkest and most discouraging feature of our present difficulties, is the fact that we have in our midst men, compared with whom the very leaders of the southern rebellion are honorable—incredible assertion, but true—those lords who walk abroad, with smiling faces, and distended stomachs, and words of loyalty on their tongues, who join in the shouts of the victorious north, and who not only take the lives—gradually to be sure—of widows and orphans, and those other husbandless women, *politely* termed "old maids," by withholding the just compensation of their labors, but imperil the lives of whole regiments, yea, the life of the nation, merely that

they may accumulate that which is destined to eat out their happiness, as it has already eaten their hearts and consciences.

If those who refuse to aid in this great work, as circumstance allows, deserve "the curse of Meros;" if those who have openly revolted against that government which has conferred upon them so many blessings, deserve the reprobation of all loyal men; truly, then may those disguised traitors apprehend a doom, a fearful doom, to which the verdict of an intelligent universe shall say Amen.

Without alluding specifically to those crimes against God and man, which are hourly committed in our land, we remark, that our hope for our country's final deliverance from the terrible scourge which now afflicts us, is based alone on the reign of mercy, through the intercession of that royal priesthood, among whom we and our soldiers mingle daily; and the grand fact that however guilty the people of the north may be, they are contending for a God given principle.

Inexpressibly, inconceivably horrible, as is this war, some of its compensations are already manifest, in the increased industry and economy of the people, and in those manifestations developed by the touchstone of present political affairs. Surely the most violent partisan must admit that republicans are not all black, nor democrats all reckless rowdies, and the depreciators of women, that they are not all mere apologies for such. And while nothing is more evident than that there has been a disposition on the part of the belligerent powers to underrate

each other's resources, both are learning a lesson in this particular.

Another very perceptible advantage accruing as the result of this war, is a spirit of inquiry awakened in the minds of the community ; especially the female portion. Many more women are reading the newspapers, some are studying the maps instead of fashion plates—an increased intelligence will inevitably follow.

But perhaps another cause of congratulation, which we are in much danger of overlooking, is the fact, that the poor miserable Yankees may derive advantages from mingling with their superiors, similar to those which the English acknowledged to have received from their intercourse with the orient, during the wars of the crusades, viz., additional refinement and intelligence. Doubtless plebians should regard as a peculiar favor the permission to approach patricians near enough to present them a discharge from the cannon's mouth.

Seriously however, let us hope this people may learn the great lesson which Providence evidently designs to teach, and instead of cherishing the spirit which dwelt in the heart of Nebuchadnezzar when he exclaimed, " Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" they may say This is the goodly heritage given us by God.

Perhaps, however, we are destined to suffer the never to be told of horrors of a civil war, until our men of opposite political views, learn to treat each other with less abuse and blackguardism, and more courtesy and respect ; until our women learn to give less attention to the superficial, and more to the substantial ; to curtail their disposi-

tion to display, and cultivate aspirations after usefulness. Surely it is time these changes occurred in our social fabric. And we confess to having cherished, at the commencement of this non-intercourse with our southern neighbors, a gleam of hope, that a certain old lady spoke truly, when she exclaimed: "Now Jeems I can tell you one thing; you can't chaw, chaw, all the time, for as true as your name is Jeems Madison Smith, to-backer is going to be scerce." But alas: this enthusiastic seeress, like many of the prophets of old, dreamed a dream after her own heart.

At an early stage of the present excitement, we read of one young lady who sacrificed a new silk dress, or the money with which it was to be purchased, to the interests of freedom. Whether she was minus a silk dress, or whether like "Flora McFlimsey she had nothing to wear," we know not, yet will cheerfully accredit sacrifice to said young lady. But show us the man, we'd like to see him; we'd fall in love with him—we mean if we were young—as it is we'd do what we could to elevate him in the estimation of the sons of America, as a lustrous example—the man who having become habituated to its use, has sacrificed to the noble purposes of sustaining the Union the avails which he formerly expended in tobacco. Who has transferred his former investments in tobacco cuds or smoke, into cuds of bread for the soldiers, or towards swelling the cloud of gunpowder smoke, and exchanged the pleasure of spitting nauseating pools, for that of feeding and kissing the soldiers' babies. Where is he? Echo answers where? O tobacco! thou art first and last, thou

art every where ; thou wilt be seen and smelled, though the nations dissolve, and our glorious Union go where the rebels say it shall. Verily, the proposition of the indignant seceders to burn their tobacco is inspiring, not only of a hope of an immense reduction in its consumption, but of the fancy that the accumulated crops of the "delicious weed" offered as a holocaust on their altars, might suffice to appease even the demons of war.

Since penning the foregoing strictures, we have had time for reflection, and have so far relented, as to admit that we may have been too severe with reference to an object which has the ardent and doubtless "sincere affection" of so many good men, in even intimating a wish to banish from the earth, that which is their darling solace.

Truly ; we would not deprive our poor soldiers of any aid or comfort. But how can they derive comfort from that which one of their ancestors, doubtless a worthy poet,

Declared to be a "filthy weed,"

Which from the Devil did proceed."

Begging the pardon of our gentlemen readers, we acknowledge the conviction that our words on this subject, are as unavailing as would be the blows of a weak woman against a giant, but they are doubtless aware that "women like to free their minds." Well we can only cherish the—Alas!—comfortable assurance, that Mr. Nemo is entirely innocent, and we are spared the effort of giving curtain lectures.

But bidding adieu to tobacco and its consequences, we turn our eyes toward the Capital, that great military heart of the nation, and its ramifications now so far reach-

ing, and which we trust are destined to embrace the entire country, as does the ocean bed its waters; and while contemplating our chief magistrate, we can but pray that as his "day so shall be his strength;" and that history may truthfully say of him, that while placed in circumstances as trying as ever fell to the lot of mortal,

"He stood the firm, the wise, the patriot and the sage,
He showed no deep avenging hate, no boasting despot's rage,
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory, reëcho the name of Abraham Lincoln."

And his right arm Gen. G. B. McClellan,* who, despite the criticism of body-guards, we mean those who guard their own dear bodies, and while making war on roast beef, edify their auditors with a declaration of what "I'd do," and the little women while sipping their tea, having discussed the weather, and the ages of their respective neighbors, especially that of a single woman, whose precise-age they are extremely anxious but puzzled to learn, responding what "I'd do," will we trust,

"With lion heart and eagle eye
Direct his thunders round the sky,"

nor cease,

"Until this land revokes, the old and chartered lie,
That fearful scourge whose whips and yokes insult humanity,
Until markets for men's lives, where necks are galled with
chains,
And wrists are cramped with gyves,"

* Written while McC. was Commander-in-chief.

shall be superseded by institutions of civilization and benevolence, by school-houses and churches. Let war be waged then,

“Till terror hath seized on the dastards all,
And victory is ours, for see they fall:
Yes, victory; for closed is the brunt of the glorious fight,
And the day like a conqueror bursts on the night.
Trumpet and flute singing choral along,
The triumph already, sweeps marching in song.”

But should the ardently desired, the confidently anticipated day be deferred until the hearts of the people are made sick :

“Should heaven yet unappeased, refuse its aid,
Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,”

yet shall the consciousness of so magnanimous a demonstration,

“Diffuse a brightness o’er our future days.”

If it be true that “a nation is never so powerful as when obliged to develop their moral energy,” and we know it is true, then is our nation more powerful to-day than at any time during its former peace and prosperity. And if the government and army “trust in God, and keep their powder dry,” a final triumph will doubtless ensue. Yes, we trust that the chief usurper will awake ere long, to find, like the self-inflated Sennacherib, a “hook in his nose,” and a “bridle in his lips,” placed there by an irresistible Power, and the inhabitants of the Confederacy “shall be of small power, they shall be dismayed and

confounded, as the grass on the house tops, and as corn blasted before it is grown up." And to use the language of the same book, "Their men in the midst of them shall become women." Language, by the way, decidedly significant of woman's physical inferiority, and of her inclination to run rather than to fight. Those feminine contenders, not for men's hearts, but their heads, arms, etc., whom we have named, were evidently exceptions to a general rule.

But if this war is to be, as our enemies assert, a war of extermination; the insurgents to yield to no power, but that of the "rider on the pale horse," the women and the children to enlist in the fight, perhaps as at Rome, during a period in its history, every citizen must engage as a soldier: then may it be necessary that our women, like those to whom we have adverted, devote their energies to martial pursuits; possibly adopt the suggestion of a Mrs. McCall of Illinois, who proposes to raise an army of female recruits, to aid in subduing the rebels, aye, worse than rebels, rebelesses: thus imitating the example of the heroine of Picardy, who headed a body of women in an attack on the Burgundians, and Martha Glar of Switzerland, who led 200 female troops to the field of human gore, and taught them how to defend their liberties. But the idea is too painful for trifling, too revolting for contemplation. Let us invoke continually the help of Him, who can commission his destroying angel to visit the camp of our enemies, as he did that of the Assyrians, when he slew in one night 139,000 men, or stretch forth his hand over the raging storm and say, "Peace, be still."

Those whose friends have left comfortable homes for the hardships of a soldier's life, have doubtless drank of a cup of peculiar bitterness. Perhaps among them some who could truthfully adopt the language which Homer ascribes to Andromache, when bidding adieu to her husband, who was about to leave her for the siege of Troy,

“Be careful Hector, for in thee my all,
Father, mother, brother, sister, husband, fall.”

Yet a moment's reflection on the condition of those friends, compared with those who fought for, and bought with their blood our country's freedom from British tyranny, will convince them of their occasion for gratitude. And while an opportunity is given them of imitating those noble women of revolutionary memory by transmitting “aid and comfort” to absent ones, they can do so without a tithe of the effort and self-denial which the former found necessary. And although those testimonials of “affectionate remembrance” be of the humblest kind, they may be received with as much gratitude, as was the full length plated armor, and helmet of gold, adorned with purple plumes, presented by Panthea to her husband, Abradates. Yes, this is a work in which like that of giving light to the nations, the humblest may have a share. We do not believe that the cackling of a goose saved Rome—though by the way, about as deserving of attention as the cackling of vacant minded men and women, who are now telling us what ought to be done; but we have good authority for believing that

Philotus, a servant maid, was the means of saving that city.

As for those whose friends have fallen on the field, we can but remind them of the language of Byron :

“ They never die, who fall in a great cause ;
The block may soak their gore, their heads may sodden in
the sun ;
Their limbs be strung to city gates, and castle walls,”

Yet their spirits walk through coming years, and but augment those sweeping thoughts, which overpowering all conduct the world at last to freedom.

We have already alluded to one of the very encouraging features connected with our present political troubles, viz: the patriotism of the women of the north ; and we doubt not, that with few exceptions they are loyal at heart. Alas, that there should be any exceptions. Female traitors ! against that government the most favorable to their sex of all human governments. Who can contemplate them ? But we are happy to know that the mass of the sex, especially the unmarried among them, deserve their reputation of being decidedly friendly to union ; the disunionists must be among the married. But how many of them would with a good grace relinquish imported goods for its preservation, is a question which we trust may not be tested. Perhaps many might feel somewhat as did the little boy who on hearing the subject discussed, exclaimed, “ Well, any how, I shan’t give up my bread and molasses, till the rebels git here.”

But however that might be, never before have the women of our country been appealed to by motives as power-

ful as are now urging them to live not for themselves but for the welfare of the present and future generations. Verily now is the time for high resolves. And the unfolding of events connected with our national affairs may yet develop instances of self-abnegation not less remarkable than some of those which seemed to indicate a superiority to the race. Though it may be doubted whether if placed in circumstances similar to those of the wives of the prisoners of Conrad, our Yankeeesses would possess sufficient physical stamina to shoulder and carry through the gates of the city, the persons of their husbands or brothers: yet there may arise from among the countless daughters of this land those who may perform deeds as significant of self-sacrifice, as were those of Lady Jane Grey, M^{lle} de Sombriel, Grace Darling, or Charlotte Corday. Appropos, wouldn't it be sublime if some heroine, perhaps some specimen as significant of yankeedom, as was "Miss Ophelia," or perhaps some beautiful young lady, with honied words and kisses on her lips, her life in one hand, a dagger in the other, should pierce the heart of tyrant Jeff. Would it not be an expeditious way of terminating this war? Well, whatever may be thought of the scheme, it is consoling to know that he is to be dealt with by One, who alone is adequate to punish him as his iniquity deserves. Meanwhile the Yankees will continue to sing their national air, Hail Columbia, and the Star Spangled Banner, till that banner regains its position in the ascendant, and the revolvers against the best government ever established on the footstool, may learn to their heart's content, "There dwells an iron na-

ture in the grain they strike," and that " With their own blows they hurt themselves," and conclude to reassume their allegiance to that banner, take shelter under its folds, and sing with us,

"Columbia, great republic, thou art blest,
While monarchs droop, and empires sink to rest."

